THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1924

CONTENTS

A Week of the World 357
Europe's Elections, Past and Pending — Mussolini at Milan — The Situation in South America — Russia and the Chinese Eastern Railway — A Bolshevist Lyric — Miss Philippines — Manners in Architecture — Wolves in Italy — Minor Notes

What Is Wrong With Japan? . . . DOCTOR EMIL LEDERER 363
A Western Analysis of Nipponese Politics

At the Automobile Salon . . . . . HENRI BELLAMY 368

The Shoes at the Door. *A Hotel Story* . LUIGI PIRANDELLO 371

Amazon Sketches . . . . . ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL 376

Why I Like My Work. *A Czechoslovak Symposium* . . . 380

The Religion of a Journalist . . . H. W. MASSINGHAM 382

Sheila Kaye-Smith: a Novelist of the Farm ANDREW E. MALONE 387

The Fourth-Wall Game . . . . . I. B. 391
Reflections of a Dramatic Critic

Kuno Fischer . . . . . V. ZENZINOV 393

'Rooing' in Australia . . . A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT 395

A Page of Verse 398
Sonnet — The Pool

Life, Letters, and the Arts 399
An Irish Tribute to 'Lotta' — A Sequel to Livy — Blurbs à l'anglaise — A Russian Opinion of Isadora Duncan — The Troubles of Messrs. Sidney Webb — Martial Sir Edward

Books Abroad 403
An Amazing Ancestor — Things I Should n't Tell — More Obiter Dicta — Las revoluciones hispanoamericanas — Mediæval People — A History of Political Ideas — The Modern Golfer — Books Mentioned

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50, Canadian Postage, 50c

PROQUEST ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Distinguished Books for All the World

Biography

ARIEL
The Life of Shelley

By ANDRÉ MAUROIS
Translated by Ella D'Arcy

A biography fired with the magic of the novelist's art. "A masterpiece" — the *New York Post* calls it. Ten large printings. $2.50

The Manuscript of St. Helena

Translated by WILLARD PARKER

A Napoleon "find" of extraordinary interest. By all evidences Napoleon's own narrative of his life. A striking revelation of his personality. *Illustrated.* $2.00

The Truth About My Father

By COUNT LEON L. TOLSTOI

The puzzling facts of Tolstoi's life and character receive interesting illumination in this frank and sincere book by his son. $2.00

The Letters of Madame

Edited by GERTRUDE SCOTT STEVENSON

The most intimate secrets of the court of Louis XIV are revealed by his sister-in-law. A record of devastating truthfulness concerning the members of the court. *Illustrated.* $5.00

Robert Owen

By FRANK PODMORE

The life and character of "the Father of Modernism" and his varied accomplishments in the fields of invention and social uplift. *Illustrated.* $5.00

Science

Haunted Houses

By CAMILLE FLAMMARION

The distinguished French scientist offers the startling results of his own investigations of 5600 authentic cases of supernatural phenomena. $2.50

Race Hygiene and Heredity

By HERMANN WERNER SIEMENS
Translated and edited by Lewellys F. Barker, M. D.

All the scientific facts regarding heredity are set forth clearly and concisely with suggestions for applying such knowledge for the improvement of the human race. $2.00

Travel

Servant of Sahibs

By GHULAM RASSUL GALWAN

The well-known Himalayan carrier gives a wonderfully human account of his experiences with famous English and American travelers in Central Asia and Tibet. $2.50

Across the Sahara by Motor Car
From Touggourt to Timbuctoo

By GEORGE MARIE HAARDT *and* LOUIS ANDOUIN-DUBREUIL

The exploit of crossing the Sahara in Caterpillar Cars in twenty days is vividly and picturesquely told. *Profusely illustrated with photographs.* $4.00

Religion

Village Sermons of a Novelist

By GUSTAV FRENSSEN

Simple and straight-forward sermons on the Christian way of living that will appeal to those of all creeds. $1.50

Belles Lettres

A Popular History of English Poetry

By T. EARLE WELBY
Author of "Swinburne; a Critical Study"

A singularly fine history tracing the course of English poetry up to the poets of today and disclosing both the natures of the poets and the characteristics that made their poetry notable. $1.75

The Periodical Essayists of the Eighteenth Century

By GEORGE S. MARR

A complete and entertaining survey demonstrating the delicate wit, searching satire and brilliant criticism of human conduct in these essays. $2.50

At All Booksellers

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, *35 West 32nd St.*, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 323 — *NOVEMBER 15, 1924* — NO. 4193

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE'S ELECTIONS, PAST AND PENDING

BRITAIN'S change of government has suggested to Europe's political forecasters the possibility that a similar swing to the Right may turn out Herriot in France and put the Junkers in control at Berlin. A Paris correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* believes that such predictions are based upon a superficial appraisal of political forces in Europe. A Conservative victory in Germany would probably strengthen the Conservatives in France, but there is no such synchronism between political trends on opposite sides of the Channel. *L'Ère Nouvelle*, an Herriot organ, points out that Bonar Law, who was a Conservative, offered France terms in connection with the Inter-allied debts that Philip Snowden, a Labor Minister, later refused to consider. Lloyd George was prepared to sign a guaranty pact with France that Lord Parmoor, representing the Labor Government, rejected on principle. Indeed, in the opinion of this writer the defeat of the Laborists in Great Britain is likely to strengthen Herriot by closing up the ranks of his somewhat divided followers.

Early German comment does not show a disposition in that country to draw inferences from the outcome of the British voting as to the coming election in Germany itself. The only previous election this autumn from which conclusions might be deduced as to the drift of sentiment in that country — the election in German Silesia — indicates a swing toward the Centre from both extremes. The reactionaries on the Right and the Communists on the Left lost heavily, while the Clerical middle showed increased strength. An impression prevails in certain political circles that the *Deutschnational Volkspartei*, which came back to the Reichstag in the election last May with a delegation of ninety-six, making it the second strongest Party — after the Social Democrats with one hundred members — in that body, has been weakened by internal dissensions due to its divided attitude on the acceptance of the Dawes Report. This Party, which sits on the Conservative side of the Reichstag, will probably lose more

Copyright 1924, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

votes to the Centre than to the extreme Right.

In the Scandinavian countries a drift, rather than a swing, toward Socialist programmes has manifested itself in both Denmark and Sweden, where it expresses itself chiefly in domestic policies relating to Labor and social welfare and in opposition to military expenditures, rather than in an attack upon private property in principle. Some plausible support might be found for the prediction that these nations are pioneering a path along which the greater part of Europe — with the possible exception of the Mediterranean countries — is likely to march within the next two decades.

*

MUSSOLINI AT MILAN

ALTHOUGH the Italian Liberal Party withdrew from its temporary alliance with the Fascisti at the Leghorn Convention last October, Mussolini seems to have solidified his somewhat shaken position during the last few months. The Liberals, though not numerically the strongest party in Italy before the rise of Fascism, had long exercised a dominant influence in the nation's affairs and had provided most of its cabinets. They entered the recent Congress divided into three groups: the followers of Senator Albertini, editor of *Corriere della Sera*, who leads the Left majority of the Party and is an unreserved opponent of Mussolini; the Centre, under the veteran statesman and ex-Premier Giolitti, who in spite of his extreme age is still an outstanding figure in Italian public life; and the Right, under Salandra of Versailles and Geneva fame. When the Liberals broke with the Fascisti at Leghorn, Salandra and his group seceded in order to support the present Government.

It was while these events were occurring that Mussolini delivered at Milan a Fascisti policy speech, in which he reviewed at length the work of his administration and forecast its coming tasks. Incidentally he said: —

I frankly admit to you that I have written harsh denunciations of liberty, just as many others have written fierce denunciations of authority. When I read, for example, of people demanding absolute liberty I ask myself if we are living in a madhouse or in a world of rational beings. For it is a historical fact that the whole story of civilization, from the cave man to the cultured and settled citizen of to-day, records the progressive limitation of liberty. People crowded into modern cities and modern overpopulated nations must continually restrict their liberty, not even excepting their freedom of movement. The idea of absolute liberty is an arbitrary fiction; no such thing actually exists.

In discussing Italy's problems of the morrow he said they sometimes made him shudder. And among the first of these are problems of social welfare: —

We have thousands of communities that have no paved and graded streets, hundreds that have no public water-supply, tens that have no cemetery. At Messina and Reggio di Calabria at least ten thousand families are still living in the temporary barracks built in 1908. It is a frightful, a humiliating spectacle.

Mussolini characterizes overpopulation as the fundamental problem that Italy has to solve: —

We have a high birth-rate. I am gratified at it. I shall never be an advocate of Malthusianism or neo-Malthusianism. I do not believe in any case that this doctrine is scientifically established. The frightful blight of decadence that has fallen on other nations should only make us the happier at our own marvelous fecundity. . . . But it compels us to develop our territories to the utmost, to build highways, dredge ports, make our factories the last word in modern progress, industrialize agriculture. . . . A growing population has only three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paths before it: to restrict births, which the Italians are too intelligent to do, or to make war, or to find an outlet for its excess labor abroad.

In conclusion Mussolini said that he was not a destroyer but a builder. He did not design to attack the sustaining walls of society, but only to modernize its internal structure.

I am aware that I have made mistakes. But we were set down in front of a heap of ruins. It was necessary to rebuild from the bottom, to reform the spirit of the nation, to put order into the public administration, to set definite objectives to be attained. And we have done all that — we who are mere men, not demigods, men like yourselves, neither better nor worse, and subject to the passions and errors of our fellow men. And precisely because we have shouldered an overwhelming task, because we are facing delicate and critical problems, and because human strength and wisdom are such fallible things, we do not repel assistance from any source. It would be the finest thing in the world if we could have the coöperation of everyone, if we could all work together in perfect concord.

✻

THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINE papers report that sporadic revolutionary resistance to the Federal Government of Brazil still continued at one or two isolated points on the Parana River, close to the Argentine and Paraguay boundary, late in September.

In Chile the Central Committee of the Radical Party, which supported the late President Allessandri, has issued a manifesto in which it declares, among other things: —

We must not judge the present military coup d'état by the undoubtedly excellent intentions that produced it, but by its social results, which are the deposition of the President, the dissolution of Congress, and the enthronement of a military dictatorship.

After protesting against the subordination of the civil to the military power, the manifesto continues as follows: —

Therefore it is our opinion that the military should not attempt to make any change in our Republican institutions, because they lack both legal and moral authority to do so. The only procedure they can properly adopt is to convoke, with the briefest delay possible, a constitutional assembly to take over the entire government of the State.

Several popular demonstrations have occurred against the military dictatorship. They were led by labor and university Radicals, and resulted in disorders in which a number of manifestants were killed and wounded. Strict censorship has been maintained on all telegraphic news. The *West Coast Leader* of Lima reports: 'There is every reason to believe that the overthrow of the Alessandri régime has been welcomed by Chilean financial interests and that the new Government will not suffer from lack of funds.'

This would be the natural attitude for such interests to assume for several reasons. Not only was the unquestioned financial incompetence of the Alessandri Government distasteful to sober financial circles, but a conflict between private enterprise and the Government in industry seems to have been involved. President Alessandri's party had initiated ambitious plans for purchasing and adding to the existing government lines several private railways, and for electrifying the whole system, merely, as some of its critics assert, 'to satisfy national aspirations.' Although the fall of the Chilean exchange and the attendant rise in the cost of living were not due entirely or primarily to this policy, they were powerful factors in discrediting it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSIA AND THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY

KARAKHAN, the Soviet Ambassador to China, comments as follows on the transfer of the Chinese Eastern Railway to the Soviet Government, in the Moscow Communist daily, *Pravda*: —

> The Peking Government is merely carrying out obligations which it recognized but was heretofore unable to fulfill. . . . Chinese public opinion accepted the action with complete composure and only the imperialist press, especially in America, attacks us for what it terms a violation of Chinese sovereignty. . . . But those who behave in China as though they owned the country have no right to throw stones at us. Their outburst of rage simply proves that our agreement has blocked their plans to get the Chinese Eastern Railway into their own hands. . . . The management of the road is now entrusted to five Chinese and five Soviet officials.

Karakhan asserts that the road was mismanaged for the benefit of interests outside of China during the time it was controlled by the representatives of the Russo-Asiatic Bank, whose title was based, he alleges, on 'stolen' documents: —

> An agreement was signed in 1922 between the Chinese Eastern Railway and the South Manchurian Railway, which belongs to Japan, routing all through freight from Harbin to Dairen instead of to Vladivostok, although the latter route was the shorter by 120 miles. . . .

He further asserts that lands belonging to the Chinese Eastern Railway and lying adjacent to strategic points in northern China — for instance, the Hingan Tunnel — were leased on very easy terms to Japanese. Just before the Bank interests were compelled to release their hold upon the road, they were negotiating an agreement with Japan through the *Kokusai Uiso* transporation company under which practically all freight delivered by the Chinese Eastern Railway at tidewater would be handed over to Japanese shipping companies. During these negotiations a large Japanese delegation representing all the government railways of Japan, the Japanese Ministry of Communications, and the Japanese War Office, spent two weeks carefully inspecting the entire road, its shops, rolling stock, and operations. Last of all, an American military attaché, accompanied by several staff officers, made a similar inspection of the property.

*

A BOLSHEVIST LYRIC

WE print the following translation of a poem by Demian Bedny which appeared in the Moscow official Communist daily, *Pravda*, of August 5, at the time of the London Conference, as a document of international comity — in its twentieth-century Soviet interpretation. It registers sentiments that had their 'come-back' subsequently in the bitter controversy over Russia that played an important part in the last British campaign.

THEIR JUBILEE

Kings and tsars of finance, with dastard glee
Commemorate their jubilee.
Behold the handiwork of Rockefellers, Krupps, and Morgans —
A huge sum-total underscored with the blood
Of myriad widows, cripples, invalids, and orphans,
And corpses by the load.
Bills in their left hand, knives in their right, they hold,
And plotting schemes kept from the public ken,
The bandits dream of robberies untold
And preach good will to men.
At London the world's bankers hold high revel,
While MacDonald and his social-traitor rabble,
Shining with Versailles's holy unction,
Laud the fat plutocrats without compunction,
With servile eulogy.
Well, what of that? The day's but ten years nearer
When both the talker and the hearer
Will dangle from a common gallows-tree.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISS PHILIPPINES

THE editor of the American *Chamber of Commerce Journal*, of Manila, believes that the American school system is turning out a very different type of womanhood in the Philippines from that in any other country of the Orient.

The American visitor [he says] will find the coeducational American precedent in vogue, with a number of rather shriveled and palsied old hands raised in chaste criticism against it, but with the young gallants and coeds doing very well, thank you — the young ladies demanding the homage due a princess, and getting it, naturally. If he listen any evening, in any part of the city, he will note if not with pleasure at least with certainty that after nine o'clock the town fairly turns into a rhapsody in obeisance to this demanding young feminine creature, who dances divinely and whose vivacious, piquant, independently thinking match is not to be found anywhere among her sisters of the Far East. If he walk along the Escolta any Saturday morning when there is respite from classes, he will see Miss Philippines, somewhat flapperish of costume, threading her way among the shops with her mother, who is proud of her. If he observe the public prints, there he will frequently see verses indited to Miss Philippines, which may often be of doubtful metre but never of dubious enthusiasm.

Alas, she has supped the same seductive wine that enlivens the daring spirit of her American sister — no longer can she be disposed of as a family chattel; she must be courted. Strange, is it not? But married she does n't fade so quickly as her grandmother did, or even her mother. He can verify this by standing on Goiti plaza any afternoon about sunset, and seeing young matrons and their children driving out in motor-cars to the Luneta for the band concert and a romp of the children along the beach.

MANNERS IN ARCHITECTURE

THE main streets of London are in a violent state of construction and reconstruction that is revolutionizing the aspect of the city. This extraordinary building-boom has naturally brought to the fore the question of architectural harmony, and probably has suggested the book on *Good and Bad Manners in Architecture*, of which we give further notice under Books Mentioned. The following quotation from the book may throw some light on the facts behind the recent press announcement that the Bush Building — the largest business structure in London, built by American promoters — will not be completed according to the original plans: —

The Bush Building (Kingsway, London) represents the apotheosis of the commercial ideal, and unless we check the tendency of which it is an expression it will be the herald of our architectural bankruptcy. We seem to be entering the era of the big, composite, commercial building, greedily absorbing to itself and corrupting by this absorption all the greatest symbols of civic dignity. Is it too much to ask that shops and offices shall eschew towers, spires, domes, and enormous cupolas, and that, as far as possible, they should keep low? Such a restriction would not imply a denial of their right to architectural distinction. Some of the most refined, beautiful, and *impressive* buildings in the world are comparatively low and are surmounted by flat roofs.

WOLVES IN ITALY

EVERY schoolboy knows that there were wolves in Italy in the time of Romulus, but many an adult tourist familiar with that country will be surprised to learn that these animals have multiplied to an alarming degree since the war. The Rome correspondent of the London *Observer* writes: —

Instead of contenting themselves with an occasional stray sheep or horse left out to graze on the uplands, the Abruzzi wolves now hunt in regular packs and are fre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quently seen on the outskirts of towns and villages, where they attack stables and sheep-fields, with dire results. Not far from Sulmona, a wolf was found on the landing of a house, and a village near by was nightly visited by wolves all through last winter.

Human victims are becoming far from uncommon. A soldier returning home on leave was killed and eaten by wolves at a short distance from the railway station of Palena, and a few months ago three women were attacked by wolves on a country road. Two made their escape, but one was killed. A fortnight ago the inhabitants of San Vito, a little hamlet on the lower slopes of Vesuvius, were horrified, on coming out from Mass, to see a pack of wolves awaiting them in the open space in front of the church. The women and children were hastily thrust back into the building and barricaded in, while the men made for the animals with their guns and succeeded in shooting the leader.

MINOR NOTES

Le Figaro points out a bit of subtle propaganda in a press-dispatch quotation from President Coolidge's Lafayette Day address. The President actually said: 'If we want France and the other Allies *paid* we can best work toward that end by assisting the German people, who are now shorn of militarism, to their full place in the family of peaceful mankind.' In the report of his speech cabled to France, this phrase read as follows: 'If we want France and the other Allies *to repay us*, the best way to accomplish it is by assisting the German people, who are now shorn of militarism, to their full place in the family of peaceful mankind' — *Si nous voulons que la France et les autres alliés nous remboursent, le meilleur moyen, pour y arriver*, and so forth.

'PASSING SHOW' ON THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

Pay your money; take your choice!

Paradise Lost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS WRONG WITH JAPAN?

BY DOCTOR EMIL LEDERER

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, September 28*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[THIS article supplements a previous article on Japan published in our issue of July 12. Dr. Lederer is professor of Sozialpolitik at the University of Heidelberg, and is at present giving lectures at the Imperial University at Tokyo.]

JAPANESE economics and Japanese politics are not rational, according to Western standards of logic. That becomes the clearer the longer one studies conditions here. Any merchant or manufacturer who tried to carry on his business in this country as he would in London, New York, or Berlin, would inevitably go bankrupt. All the foreigners here have more or less instinctively adapted themselves to local customs. This has been more necessary than ever since developments during and following the war have ended the easy monopoly profits that they formerly enjoyed.

A significant symptom of the changing conditions of business life is the fact that Europeans and Americans of the older generation never took the trouble — indeed, generally considered it impossible — to learn Japanese, while the younger generation does so as a matter of course. Foreigners now acquire the language in spite of the tremendous difficulty of learning to use with facility even a limited number of words. With a command of the native tongue comes a better appreciation of the mentality of the people, which seems so mysterious to the newcomer that he often abandons at the outset all thought of ever understanding it.

The longer one lives here the better grasp he gets upon many subjects, but in conversation with Japanese he almost invariably comes to a point where mutual comprehension ceases. Even in discussing such practical matters as the growth of manufacturing, the way of living, the organization of the Government, he reaches an impasse. He discovers that in this country there are no merely practical questions, where things speak for themselves and are considered simply from the standpoint of efficiency regardless of considerations of an entirely different order. The shackles of tradition are extraordinarily strong, and universal. Every phase of conduct is determined by venerable and inviolable precedents. Sentimental factors play a decisive rôle in what would seem to be the most indifferent matters. So the foreigner is constantly bumping up against what is called 'the Japanese way of thinking.' That is final, for no one considers even theoretically the possibility of changing that way of thinking.

Consequently, the industrialization of Japan, for instance, is merely on the surface. The preconception with which most Europeans and Americans arrive in the country, that they are about to get the last glimpse of an interesting and unique but vanishing culture, is an utterly mistaken one. This error owes its existence to the superficial knowledge most travelers get of the country. Their sojourn is usually brief, and in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any case they have no way of learning to know Japan, because they never explore her below her very thin crust of pseudo-European civilization.

The Americanization of Japan is entirely on the surface. Every economic activity of the country still preserves its hereditary form, and must do so, because all of the physical apparatus of life — houses, clothing, food, manner of living, and standards of conduct — are determined by tradition. European peoples formerly had their traditions also, but they have lost them, almost without a struggle. How quickly our Western business organization has been transformed under the magic of profits! How swiftly, for instance, agriculture has been commercialized. European feudalism was an encumbrance that people gladly shook off. Japanese social institutions have been since the earliest times essentially democratic from the community standpoint. They provide a place and a duty for every member of society. A downtrodden Irish farm hand catches a glimpse of freedom even in the slums of Lancashire. All that is necessary for him is to get money. But a modern rationalization of production would wrench the poorest Japanese coolie out of a position in the community to which he is attached by religion, custom, and liking, and where he feels himself permanently at home.

These very real and powerful traditions express themselves in the economic field principally in limitations that hamper production. In my earlier article I pointed out some of these limitations — for example, the low productivity of agriculture on account of the excessive subdivision of the land; the cumbersome method of writing, which hampers business; the burdensome bureaucratic organization of private industry, which leads to great waste of energy; the existence of a complicated hierarchy of middlemen who take a heavy toll from production, and so on.

Most of these irrationalities express themselves quantitatively in the business field — that is, in losses or waste that can be measured. They explain the insufficiency of Japanese production and thereby all the material problems that Japan is facing in respect to both her private and her public welfare.

The situation is not so clear when we come to political life. Nevertheless, there is something to say upon this subject.

When we read in Western newspapers about political events in Japan, we usually find them described in terms that are familiar to our own vocabulary. But in reality the political concepts of the West have no application in Japan. That country has, to be sure, a constitution copied closely from that of the German Empire before the war. Under it the life of a Cabinet does not depend upon the support of Parliament, but upon the confidence of the Crown. In practice, however, a Cabinet cannot live for any time without the consent of Parliament, and therefore of political parties. Japan is therefore, *de facto* if not *de jure*, in many respects a Parliamentary State.

But we must not think in this connection of a European parliament. For what are Japanese parties? That is very difficult to say. They are to some extent the representatives and the tools of powerful feudal clans that still retain their influence and authority in spite of all the modernization of the country. They are in part, also, associated with particular callings and professions — as, for example, the Seiyū-kai, or Conservative Party, which is fond of professing itself 'the Peasants' Party.' This association is by no means thoroughgoing. But no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party — and this is the essential point — represents a programme or a principle. The platforms of all parties are nearly identical, and are confined to glittering generalities. So political contests are more largely between family groups struggling for ascendancy than between political policies.

Shortly before the earthquake the situation had altered somewhat. The demand for universal suffrage and questions of foreign policy, such as the recognition of Soviet Russia and relations with the United States, had created true party issues. Furthermore, certain economic problems, such as the land tax, land reforms, and a protective tariff, had begun to play a real rôle in politics. Broadly speaking, we may say that when the earthquake occurred there was a drift to the Left — that is, toward those parties which are more closely associated with commercial and manufacturing interests and sympathize with Western institutions, and in particular are advocates of universal suffrage.

This swing of the pendulum is explained by the growing influence of public opinion. Public opinion and parliamentary groups are not identical in Japan; on the contrary, they are often opposed to each other. The Members of Parliament do not as a rule stand very high in the esteem of the public, because so many of them owe their election to the support of a political boss or to the direct purchase of votes. Public opinion, therefore, is something that exists independent of and apart from Parliament. It is characteristic of the peculiar Japanese way of thinking, that the acceptance of a traditional social hierarchy oftentimes makes the leader responsible for the led. A leader is hopelessly discredited if the group he directs refuses to follow him.

This applies not only to schools, where a strike of the students very often results in the dismissal of the teacher, but likewise to business and political life. Great public demonstrations, which show that the people are dissatisfied with the Government, make it impossible for a Cabinet to continue in power; the Crown will withdraw its confidence from the Ministry in such a case. Public opinion has thus been a factor in governmental policy since ancient times. The relatively slight influence that newspapers exercised for a long period was due to the fact that public opinion was wont to express itself directly, on the street and by popular demonstrations. It made itself known through all the hundreds and thousands of channels possessed by a still unified and harmonious culture, which was not yet, as in Europe, broken up by clashing views and tendencies. In this respect there has been a decided change within recent years. Public opinion is now expressing itself increasingly through the press, and in proportion as it does so the newspapers become a factor of growing importance in political affairs. They do not as yet create policies, for hitherto they have merely reflected the opinions of their readers. They do not lead, but at the same time they formulate and strengthen extra-parliamentary political forces.

In weighing the relative influence of Japan's social institutions, we must not overlook the one that, if properly studied, gives the deepest insight into the peculiar nature of Japanese politics — the Genro. The Genro are the Elder Statesmen, whom no one appoints, no one nominates, who hold no office, who possess no official standing, but who *are there*, and who almost alone hold decisions in their hands whenever a political crisis arises. They decide whether a Cabinet shall resign and who shall form the new Government. The importance of this institu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion is due to the idea that the Crown must not be burdened with deciding the formation of ministries, while Parliament does not have the right to appoint them. Therefore the Genro may be conceived as an organ of the imperial will, which delegates itself to high personages whose advanced age has withdrawn them from active political life, but who, on account of their long service to the State, their ripe experience, and their membership in the oldest families of the Empire, stand above criticism. To be sure, even they have been attacked of late — very significantly, upon the point of their loyalty. But such criticism will have no effect, I am assured, so long as the present constitution survives. It is characteristic of the Japanese way of thinking that the most decisive act of Government, such as a change of ministry, should be performed by the Genro.

These Elder Statesmen are a particularly typical and interesting example of the delegation of authority that is an essential feature of Japanese political philosophy. Reserve, discretion, reticence, dislike of loud and violent language, and above all, of violent, passionate action, is inborn in the people. That explains the dislike of responsibility, the seeking for retirement, that, throughout Japan's history, moved so many emperors to abdicate, placed children on the throne, and led to putting the administration of the Government in the hands of regents and other delegated authorities. I cannot go further into this phenomenon at present, but the reader will understand that a Japanese change of Cabinet, laconically reported in our conventional political terminology by a Western newspaper, is something quite different from a similar event in America or Europe.

Consequently, political manœuvring in Japan is conducted in a difficult terrain. A Cabinet may frequently be able, by skillfully utilizing the conflict between public opinion and Parliament, to follow its own policies. But more frequently it is forced to take measures that contradict all the remainder of its programme. Added to this are two complicating conditions which often wreck a ministry.

Tokyo's overwhelming preponderance is the first of these. The capital city is the focus of all the Empire's intellectual, economic, and political energy. It contains most of the country's cultural institutions, and the opinion of its people is generally decisive. But the interests of the metropolis do not coincide at all points with those of the rest of the country; many rivalries and profound differences of opinion divide the two. So far as the capital is an autonomous social entity, like the great cities that have grown up in Europe since the eighteenth century, it can speak for itself; but this does not entitle it to speak for the nation.

This brings us to the second complicating condition. How can a system of government that depends largely for its success upon the consent of the people as a whole succeed when no adequate organ exists to express this consent? Meanwhile the people are rapidly differentiating into increasingly divergent classes. It is true that the peasants still form the backbone of the nation; but the most alert, vigorous, and enterprising part of the population lives in the cities. These different groups and sections would all find their respective mouthpieces in a European parliament, but in Japan they must make their wishes known by direct action. It is easy to understand what difficulties result from this when an urgent crisis arises.

Last of all, we come to the bureaucracy. Japan's bureaucracy is not like

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that of Europe. The latter has developed *pari passu* with the multiplying functions of the State, and has become a highly differentiated organ of administration. It had its origin under an absolute monarch, and acquired its present character in an industrial age. Industry has provided the resources to support it and has largely determined its features. But the Japanese bureaucracy is many centuries older. Its roots go back to a native feudal system. It owes its extension to the tendency to delegate authority that we have already mentioned. Each of the numerous branches of Japan's present bureaucracy, therefore, has its peculiar organization and distinctive jurisdiction. It is practically impossible for a foreigner to master the intricacies of these reciprocal relations, but he sees that they exist, and that they complicate immensely the operations of the Government. All of the rivalries that exist in the European civil service, all its petty conflicts of jurisdiction and the friction between bureaus and officials, pale to nothing before the intricate delimitation of spheres of authority with which every Japanese who has to do with his Government is familiar. The bureaucratization of the administration is not arbitrary. Quite the contrary. Each bureau and office has its complicated regulations, which it follows to the letter. But they are no less a drag upon efficiency because they are carefully prescribed by law and ordinance and are reverently obeyed by officials.

This complicated political system was already being undermined before the earthquake by the agitation for universal suffrage. Men argued, quite rightly, that the proposed reform would disintegrate Japan's traditional institutions, that its adoption meant creating an entirely new scheme of government, which might clash with the hereditary sentiments and beliefs of the people. As we have already pointed out, however, the change would not consist in the fact that it gave public opinion a voice in affairs that it had not previously possessed; for that opinion was already a powerful influence long before the country had a written constitution. But hitherto that influence has been exercised through spontaneous, unconscious agencies, and not through governmental machinery. Universal suffrage will signify an internal reconstruction of the entire State. It will bring to the fore new men, new social groups, and new parties. This is what disturbs those who now hold the reins of power, quite as much as the social problems which lie behind the demand for the vote.

Another factor should be mentioned, in conclusion, which is not likely to lose importance in the future. While mass movements among the Japanese people are radical from the social standpoint, they are for the most part loyal to the dynasty; in fact, they use their loyalty to support their cause. Nothing would be more mistaken than to identify Socialist agitation among factory workers and the poorer peasantry with similar agitation in Europe. Japanese Radicals base their appeal upon arguments that suggest Fascist pleadings for a National Socialistic dictatorship; and unquestionably the current of popular sentiment is setting strongly in their direction. This was markedly evident in the spring and summer of 1923, when negotiations for a treaty between Japan and Russia and for the recognition of the Soviet Republic occupied attention. The trend toward National Socialism is not wholly unorganized, and may receive support from powerful sources. The authority of the Government to deal with it is limited, and it is a phenomenon of serious import for the nation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT THE AUTOMOBILE SALON

BY HENRI BELLAMY

From *Le Progrès Civique, October* 11
(PARIS RADICAL WEEKLY)

[THE Autumn Automobile Show of France was held at Paris in October.]

A BIG automobile-manufacturer had made an appointment with me at the Auto Show. I expected he would give me a short lecture on the general conditions of the automobile business in France. But this captain of industry, though most amiable, is always in a hurry. He is a man of few words.

'Are there any important mechanical novelties shown at this Salon?'

'No, many clever minor improvements, but nothing really new.'

'And the demand for automobiles?'

'See the Americans.'

'But — ?'

'See the Americans.'

I did so. It is very certain that the feature of this Salon is the invasion of transatlantic makes. Within the sweep of an eye were six models manufactured by a great trust with a capital of $500,000,000, including both popular and de luxe cars. One great luxurious eight-cylinder model was really very beautiful. Almost at my elbow was an exhibit of Fords, with a big sign in front of the stand bearing this succinct legend and nothing else: 'Every ten seconds, day and night, a new car is completed at the Ford works.'

So Yankee manufacturers — who must add to their catalogue prices at the factory forty-five per-cent duty, who must meet the handicap of the tremendous monetary depreciation that makes us pay four francs where we used to pay one franc, who, like ourselves, must pay the luxury tax of twelve per cent and a sales tax in addition — are able to compete with us on our own ground!

It is astounding! For we are no novices at making automobiles. It is in our country that the industry was first launched and that the principal improvements have been made. Are we merely to reap the honor and not the profits of all this?

A gentleman in charge of an American exhibit explained the secret — which, for that matter, everyone knows already. America manufactures only on a quantity basis. The least numerous of these models is turned out at the rate of 2000 machines a day. Standardization and Taylorization are the formula.

It is a winning formula, apparently, for American output has attained almost astronomical figures. In 1923 four million cars were produced, worth 42 billion francs. There is one automobile for every seven people in the United States; which is not surprising when we consider that the cheaper four-seated cars cost $300 — or 1500 francs at par.

One of the more expensive models that the Americans are selling in Paris for 120,000 francs costs in their country only 20,000 francs. Consider now what would happen if the exchange should return to par. We should have a flood of American automobiles in France and our own industry might be irretrievably ruined. How are we to protect ourselves?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The gentlemen in charge of some of our exhibits pretended to smile at my fears: 'Americans? They 'll never get a foothold in this country. Their cars, with all the costs of delivery, come to the same price as our own, but they are not durable. Stamped out with a die! Rubbish!'

It is easy to say that, of course, but responsible manufacturers do not dismiss the subject so casually. Rubbish or not, there is nevertheless one cheap American model that can boast of 25,000 purchasers in France within a year. That is a hard fact. Manufacturers who ponder on it know that the situation is serious.

The first thought that suggests itself is, why not adopt American methods? Surely we are still a long way from doing that. America produces altogether 166 models of cars. In France there are three or four hundred at the minimum. There are 125 French makes as compared with 106 in the United States.

How can the little manufacturers, whose output is necessarily very limited, survive? I asked that question.

'But they don't survive. They go out of existence.'

That is inevitable. The cost of keeping up with the times and overhead expenses crush them. French manufacturers defend their policy, however, with this argument: —

'America can standardize her output because she has an enormous home market. She sells most of the machines she makes to her own people — only eight per cent are exported. A quantity-production factory must run at full capacity. If we were ever to standardize our output in France we should run the risk of accumulating stocks of unsold cars and congesting the market. We should also incur the danger of sacrificing the distinctive features of our own industry.

'We do make cars, it is true, in an extremely individualistic way. We don't dispute that. But this individualism is the typical feature of our industry, to which it owes its success. Car-purchasers like to pick and choose. The French buyer in particular dislikes to have the same kind of car that all his neighbors own. There must be many foreigners who feel the same, for our exports have increased by leaps and bounds. In 1900 they were valued at 10 million francs, in 1910 at 50 million, in 1914 at 123 million, in 1922 at a billion, and in 1923 at 1300 million.

'So if we do away with our multiplicity of models, we are likely to lose our foreign trade — and get nothing in return, for we cannot compete with the Americans in producing standardized types. We can compete with them only in finish, elegance, variety. Let us stick to that.'

But a car-owner who chanced to be passing replied to this: 'What you 've just said shows that you consider an automobile as a luxury. You make a beautiful, excellent car, but by methods that put it out of reach of the ordinary pocket. I am glad to hear you say that we are exporting heavily, though we must consider that the exchange may be largely responsible for that; but I 'd like it still better if you could sell me a car at a reasonable price. An automobile is not a luxury. It ought to be in the reach of every man. Let them make some expensive models, like that English model they say sells for 450,000 francs. But it is a blunder to try to build up an automobile industry on the costly car.'

This buyer said several other things: that we shall probably see a demand for still higher tariffs, that French purchasers will thus be made to bear the cost of dumping our motor-cars abroad, and more of the same sort.

I merely record these opinions with-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out pretending to say who is right. Evidently the situation is not altogether simple. We should note, however, that the Italians, who are turning increasingly to the American system, are also our serious competitors, and the Belgians, even though they are protected against America by a duty of only twenty-five per cent instead of forty-five per cent like ourselves, are exhibiting several models at the Salon.

Last of all, to be perfectly fair, I should add that French cars still possess a fineness of line and finish that is very characteristic. They are beautiful machinery — elegant and strong. If I were a rich man I should want to have a French car.

While I was walking through the exhibits I overheard the following conversation: —

'Our automobile industry,' someone said, 'is one of those that does most honor to our mechanics. You can't imagine how these men love their trade, how intensely interested they are in their work. There is no branch of manufacturing where managers and superintendents meet with more intelligent and friendly coöperation. When one of their cars is entered in a race every man in the shops is wildly anxious that it should win, and each is more than ready to do all in his power to ensure this. That is the secret of the high reputation our motor-cars enjoy.'

'Yes,' replied another man, 'a lot of wasted intelligence there.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that it is a waste of brain work and of skill as well. An automobile is not a work of art. It 's a machine for transportation. Its design ought to be studied in a laboratory by expert engineers and mechanics, but the carrying-out of the design ought to be by purely automatic labor. All these workmen of ours who devote their delicate skill and their keen intelligence to putting the last touch of finish on the parts of a mechanism are only doing what a good machine might do. That 's why I contend they 're wasting effort.'

'But you forget how many improvements have come from the suggestions of mechanics. With your system you would have an impersonal car without character or beauty.'

'Without beauty? I don't see it. Anyway, the principal thing is that it should run without breaking down.'

These were the last words I caught as I wandered beyond hearing distance down the aisle.

If I had room I should like to discuss at some length the subject of cycle cars and *voiturettes*. Both are stop-gaps pending the time when we have a true automobile for the people — that is to say, a four-seated car at a very low price. The cycle car, a product of the war and high taxes, is evolving along two lines: an extreme simplification of its mechanism that permits a considerable reduction in price — there are cycle cars that sell for only 5000 francs — and a development in the direction of the voiturette.

I do not like the cycle car, which seems to me a clever but dangerous hybrid, in which young people delight to speed along our highways at a hundred kilometres an hour. But I suppose that is only my personal prejudice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHOES AT THE DOOR

BY LUIGI PIRANDELLO

From *La Grande Revue, September*
(Liberal Literary Monthly)

One hundred and fifty rooms and three stories in the most populous quarter of the city. Three rows of windows, all alike, with the same balustrades, the same mouldings, and the same gray shutters, open, half-open, or nearly closed. An abominable façade! But if there were no façade, who can tell what curious effect might be produced from the outside by these hundred and fifty cells ranged one upon another in rows of fifty, and by the people dwelling in them?

Oh, well, enough of this!

It is not a luxurious hotel, but it is highly respectable and very convenient: elevator, numerous bellboys quick and well trained, good beds, a good dining-room, automobiles. More than one guest has complained that the prices are too high, but in the end they all admit that, though you may spend less at other hotels, you are not so well off and you have not the advantage of being in the centre of the city. The proprietor can afford to smile at complaints about prices and tell the malcontents that they may go elsewhere if they want to. As a matter of fact, the hotel has plenty of patrons, and if every morning, when the steamers come in, and during the day, after each train, people do go elsewhere, it is not because they want to, but because there is no more room.

For the most part they are commercial travelers or provincial people come to the city on business, to prosecute a suit, or to consult a doctor in case of some disease — birds of passage, in short, who do not stay more than three or four days. Some even arrive in the morning and go on next day. As a result there are a good many valises and trunks to handle, and so there is a great deal of bustle, a great deal of hurrying back and forth from breakfast time till long past midnight. The chief clerk is driven almost crazy. At one moment the house is full. A moment afterwards, three, four, five rooms are empty. Number 15 on the first floor is leaving. So are Number 32 on the second and Numbers 2, 20, and 45 on the third. Then suddenly two more guests announce their departure, and a man arriving late may easily find the best room on the first floor free, while someone coming a little while before might have had to content himself with number 51 on the third floor. There are fifty rooms on each of the three floors, but each floor has a number 51 because there is no number 13. From twelve you jump to fourteen, so that whoever takes room number 14 is quite certain of escaping misfortune.

There are some old clients who call the bellboys by name and have, for their own part, the satisfaction of being called by their names, instead of being mere numbers — the numbers of the rooms they happen to occupy — like most of the guests. These are the people who have no home, the people who, with valise perpetually in hand, travel from one end of the earth to the other, the people who are quite at home in any place, whatever it may be, the people ready for all contingencies and quite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sure of themselves. Most of the other guests have an air of irritation which almost amounts to anger — a troubled air, an air of chagrin. Not only are they absent from their own countries, not only are they absent from their houses, they are even absent from themselves: torn from their social round of habits and the customs by which they orient each day the pitiful reality of their daily lives, they cannot find themselves. They scarcely know themselves. It is as if everything in them were stopped, suspended in a void which they do not know how to fill, a void in which each man fears to see from moment to moment things appearing under an unknown aspect. Each fears to behold new desires, strange curiosities growing in himself, or at least to feel and touch some different, some mysterious truth, not merely in his environment but even in himself.

Wakened too soon by the unaccustomed bustle of the hotel or the noise of the street, they rush in haste about their business, only to find all offices and stores closed. The lawyer will not be down to business for an hour. The doctor will not be keeping office hours till half past nine. At last, their business done, they feel deafened, bored, and exhausted. They come back to shut themselves up in their rooms with two or three nightmare hours to pass before their trains depart. They stroll about, smoke furiously, stare at the bed without feeling like lying down, at a sofa without wanting to sit down, at a window without wishing to look out of it. What a queer-looking bed! What an odd shape for the sofa! What a horrible mirror!

Suddenly they begin to remember forgotten errands. A new device to clip the beard! Garters for their wives! Collars for their dogs! And then they ring hurriedly. They demand addresses and information from the porter. They must have a dog collar with a little plate — 'like this and about so big' — on which to engrave the name.

'The name of the dog?'

'No, no, my name with the address.'

They hear the bellboys hurrying back and forth through the corridors. All of life is passing out there — restless life, life with its thousand activities in perpetual turmoil, life with all its tasks!

There is, for example, up there on the second story in number 12, an old lady in mourning who persists in asking everybody whether seasickness is very bad. She has to go to America and has never been at sea before. She arrived last evening almost exhausted, supported on one side by her son and on the other by her daughter — they too in mourning.

The proprietor of the hotel makes a special point of knowing, at six o'clock Monday evening, exactly how many rooms are ready. That is when the Genoa boat comes in, with many American travelers, and at the same time the through train from the outside world. Yesterday more than fifteen foreigners came to the hotel. Only two suites were left. Only four people could be received — the poor lady in mourning, with her son and daughter, in number 12 on the second floor, and a gentleman who got off the Genoa boat, in number 11. At the desk the head clerk inscribed on the register: —

'M. Persico with his mother and sister, from Vittoria.'

'M. Rosario Funardi, business man, New York.'

The old lady, to her regret, had to separate from another little family which was also composed of three persons, with whom she had come on the train and who had shown her the address of this hotel. She was still more disconsolate when she learned that they could not have the suite beside hers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If only number 11 had not been given a moment before to this M. Funardi from New York!

When he saw his old mother in tears on the neck of the lady who had been her traveling companion, the young man tried to persuade Mr. Funardi to give up his room to this family. He made his request in English, for this young man had himself become an American. With his sister he had come back from the United States, scarcely fourteen days ago, recalled by a misfortune — the death of his brother, with whom his old mother was living in Sicily. Now he was returning to the United States for good, with his mother and sister.

The old mother was weeping. She had wept so much and suffered so much in all that long voyage by train, the first she had ever made in all her sixty-seven years. She had torn herself away, not without distress, from the house in which she had grown old and from the new-made grave of her son, with whom she had lived alone for so many years — away from all the things she loved best, even from the memories of her native country. And now on the point of quitting forever her native Sicily, she clung to everything and everybody, just as the evening before she had clung to the lady who had traveled with her, unwilling to release her.

But Mr. Funardi had not been willing to yield. He answered 'No' with a shake of his head when he heard the request that the young man made in English — a blunt American 'No,' with a frown of his heavy brows, with a puffed and yellowish face, all bristling with an unshaven beard. And he got into the elevator, to go up to suite 11 on the second floor.

In spite of all her son and daughter could do, it was impossible to persuade the old lady to use the elevator herself. Mechanism, no matter what kind, inspired her with a dismay that amounted to terror. And to think that now she was to go to New York, to America, that she had to traverse the vast expanse of the ocean! Her children urged her to be calm, assured her that she would not be seasick. But she was not to be persuaded. She had suffered so much in the train! And every instant she kept asking somebody or other whether it was true that everybody did not get sick at sea. The bellboys, the chambermaids, and the porters hit on a device to get rid of her, and one and all urged her to inquire about it of the gentleman in the suite next hers. He had just got off the Genoa boat and was going back to America himself. Look at him! There was a man who had passed any number of days at sea, and had often crossed the ocean. He could tell whether you get sick at sea or not.

As soon as it was dawn — her children had gone out to get the baggage they had left at the station and to make a series of purchases — the old lady opened her door stealthily, to stare at the door of the next room. She wanted to ask the man who had crossed the ocean whether you get sick at sea or not. By the first livid and hesitant sunbeam through the great window that opened down the length of that dismal corridor, she saw two long lines of shoes, left and right, a pair before each door. From moment to moment, she saw the number of gaps in the long files increasing. She surprised more than one arm stretched stealthily from one door or another to grasp the pair of shoes that stood before it.

Now every pair had been taken in. Only those at the door next hers remained, the shoes of the man who had crossed the ocean and whom she especially wanted to ask whether you get sick at sea or not! Nine o'clock! Now it was after nine, half past nine, ten o'clock!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The shoes were still there, The only pair in the corridor! The only pair! And they stood in front of that door beside hers, in front of that door that remained shut. There was so much noise in the corridor, so many people bustling back and forth: bellboys, chambermaids, porters. All the guests, or almost all, had gone out. Many had even come back. All the bells had rung and continued to tinkle from time to time. Never for a moment did the low hum of the elevator stop. Up and down, from the second floor to the third, from the third to the ground floor, back and forth — and yet the gentleman never woke. It must be eleven o'clock, and that pair of shoes was still there, before the door. There they stood.

The old lady could no longer contain herself. She saw a bellboy passing, stopped him, pointed to the shoes.

'What is this? Is that gentleman still asleep?'

'Oh,' replied the bellboy, shrugging his shoulders, 'that shows he is tired. He has traveled so much.' And he went on.

The old lady made a gesture as if she would say, 'Well, there you are!' pulled in her head, and closed the door. A moment later she opened it and looked out with a strange astonishment at those shoes that were always there. He must have traveled a good deal, that man. Many a journey they must have borne him on, those two wretched old shoes — enormous, out of shape, down at the heel, with worn-out elastics, and sunk on each side. Who knew what weariness, what difficulties, what exhaustion they had endured, or on how many roads? The old lady almost — yes, almost — felt the temptation to tap at that door with the tips of her fingers, but she drew back again into her room. Her children were slow about coming back. Her agitation grew. How could she tell whether they had really gone, as they had promised, to look at the sea and see whether it was calm? The sea was so distant. It never ended. They would tell her it was calm, of course, but who could believe that? Only the gentleman in the next room could really tell her the truth.

She listened. She leaned against the partition, to see if she could hear the least sound. Nothing. Silence. But it was already past noon. How could he possibly be sleeping still? There, the luncheon bell was sounding! From doors all along the corridor gentlemen emerged and hurried down to the dining-room. She went to the door to see whether the shoes caught anybody's attention. No, no, nobody noticed. They all went past, unheeding. A waiter came up to call her. Her children were below. They had just come. They were waiting in the dining-room, and the old lady went down with him. Now there was no one in the corridor. All the rooms were empty. The pair of shoes stood waiting, waiting in the solitude, waiting in the silence before that still-closed door. They seemed like penitents. Made for travel, left there useless, used up, after so much service they seemed shameful and pitiable. They seemed as if asking to be taken away.

On their way back from luncheon, noting the astonishment and dismay of the old lady, the other guests stopped to look at them with curious uneasiness. What was the name of that American who came last evening? Who saw him? He got off the Genoa boat. Perhaps he did not sleep last night. Perhaps he had a bad time at sea. He came from America. If he was sick at sea, who knows how many nights he suffered from insomnia? Perhaps he wanted to make up for it by sleeping all day. But how could he amid all this noise?

It was already noon. The crowd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around the pair of shoes in front of the closet door grew, but instinctively all kept at a distance, forming a circle. A bellboy went to call the chief clerk, who sent for the proprietor, and then both of them, one after the other, rapped at the door. Nobody replied. They tried to open it, but it was locked inside. They rapped louder and louder. Silence again. Now there was no doubt. They must inform the police at once. Luckily there was a station close at hand. An inspector came back with two officers and a locksmith. The door was forced. The officer forbade entry to the curious throng that surged forward. The inspector and the proprietor of the hotel went in alone.

The man who had crossed the ocean had died in his hotel bed his first night ashore. He had died in his sleep, with one hand under his cheek, like a child.

All these living people, these people whom restless life had gathered together for a day, people who had come on the most opposite tasks, engaged in the most varied activities, pressed about this little room, this single cell in the beehive where a life had stopped. The news spread through the hotel. From top to bottom they all came running. They all wanted to see, to know: who was dead, who had died?

'Keep out.'

The police commissioner and the doctor were in the room now. Through the door along the passage — look, look! — you could see the dead man on his bed! There was his face. Oh, how white! The man had one hand under his cheek. He seemed to sleep like a child. Then they began again. Who was he? What was his name? Nobody knew. All they knew was that he came from America, from New York. Where was he going? Who expected him? Nobody knew. There was no hint in the papers found in his pockets or his bag. He was a business man — but in what line?

There were sixty-five lire in his wallet and a few coins in a little purse in his waistcoat pocket. One of the officers had just placed on the marble of the stand those poor shoes that were so down at the heel.

Little by little, to escape the crowd, everyone went back to his room up on the third story or down on the first. Gradually they all went about their business, taking up again their individual cares.

Only the old lady who wanted to know whether you get sick at sea stood there before that door, in spite of all her children could do. She stayed to weep, overwhelmed by the fate of this man who had died after crossing the ocean, that same ocean which she herself was to cross to-morrow.

Amid the blasphemy and curses of the coachmen and the porters who bustled ceaselessly back and forth, they closed the big door of the hotel as a sign of mourning, leaving only a little door still open.

'Closed? Why is it closed?'

'Oh, nothing. Somebody died in the hotel!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMAZON SKETCHES

BY ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL

From *Prager Tagblatt, September* 14
(GERMAN-LANGUAGE NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN our good ship Hildebrand dropped anchor before the city of Pará, the harbor officials confirmed the disturbing rumors of revolution that we had been receiving by wireless during the voyage. When I landed the people of Pará were burying a young captain who the day before had induced the Twenty-sixth Battalion of Chasseurs to rise against the Government. He had been killed during the street fighting and his soldiers had been overpowered. A newspaper which I bought from a barefooted half-Indian boy reported that the State of Amazonas, farther up the river, was in full revolt, and that the rebels had occupied Fort Obidos.

'Perhaps we 'll be able to send a vessel up in a few days,' they told me consolingly at the office of the Booth Line.

Although I am almost in the midst of this revolution, I do not profess to understand its causes. I know that sudden and violent tropical tempests sweep across this vast sultry country, flooding lowlands and laying great forests prostrate; but the hot sun quickly dries the earth behind the receding waters, and luxuriant vegetation soon covers all traces of the hurricane's recent ravages. It may be that these political storms are of a similar nature. A military revolt in the State of São Paulo was frequently mentioned on the Hildebrand during our trip over, but we were told comfortingly: 'That's a long way from the Amazon Valley.' When I questioned the Brazilian passengers aboard regarding it, they merely shrugged their shoulders and said: 'You know — politics!' None of them appeared to know the real cause of the trouble, or why the insurgents were fighting, nor did any of them seem greatly interested in the matter. They let me translate the wireless dispatches for them, standing in their pointed patent-leather slippers, perfumed cigarette in hand, and surmising: 'Apparently a little dissatisfaction exists in the southern part of the country. Our politicians, you know, senhor —' and a sweeping gesture.

Many men died fighting down in the State of São Paulo without knowing why. Then the storm-clouds suddenly swept northward — revolution in the State of Sergipe, where the still semi-independent Botocudo Indians live; disorders in Parahyba and Maranhão. Then things suddenly broke loose in the depths of the Amazonian forests, in that great curious city of Manaos, where residents in the suburbs can hear the jaguars roar in the neighboring jungle. On July 23 the city garrison revolted. The police made an ineffective resistance. The crew of a gunboat in the river went over to the rebels. The insurgents imprisoned the Governor of the State and put a young lieutenant in his place. A captain, a military surgeon, and fourteen lieutenants formed the revolutionary Government.

I do not know why these men mutinied, or if there was a reason. The affair was not mentioned in the number of *Jornal do Povo* that I bought. A revolutionary handbill that fell into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my hands merely declared that the people had set up 'a Government of national emancipation.'

The State of Amazonas, a vast stretch of unbroken tropic forest as large as Germany, France, and a couple of other European States together, is connected with the outside world only by the Amazon, which flows past Pará. Halfway up the stream is a narrow place commanded by Fort Obidos. Whoever holds that point can close the river. When the revolution broke out, there were exactly five Federal soldiers garrisoned at this post. The *Revoltofos* captured the place. They commandeered all the vessels that happened to be at Manaos. The Twenty-seventh Battalion of Chasseurs embarked to capture Pará.

I was in Pará when the rebel fleet was due to appear. On the day before my arrival, as I have said, the Twenty-sixth Battalion of Chasseurs mutinied because they were ordered to embark on a steamer to recapture Obidos. Rumor has it that the entire battalion was not ordered to the front, but that officers and soldiers with a political pull were allowed to stay behind, so their comrades really mutinied against this favoritism.

I saw evidences of street fighting on every side. The police of the State of Pará and the marines, who cherish a standing grudge against the army, fought the Revoltofos for a day and a night and thoroughly defeated them. It ended in a man-chase through the streets. The little brown bootblacks who haunt the plaza before the Grand Hotel guided the police patrols. 'There's one, behind the corner!' Then the police crept down to the corner and potted the hider. For three nights during my strolls through the handsome, villa-bordered residential avenues of Pará, I heard occasional shots. I saw pale prisoners herded aboard the river steamer Santos. One night she left the harbor with her lights extinguished, destined no one knows whither. Horrible rumors are whispered in Pará. I do not know if they are true. I saw only the darkened ship slip away under the stars of the Southern Cross, and a pang of tragic foreboding shot through my heart.

This young elegant Captain Assis Vasconcellos, the commander of the battalion that mutinied, must have been very popular with the common people; or perhaps his cause was popular — I don't know. He was one of the first to fall in the street fighting, torn to pieces by the bullets of machine-guns. I saw thousands of barefooted negroes and mestizos follow him to his grave. They had wrapped his coffin in the green and gold banner of Brazil, which bears the motto: 'Order and progress.' The victorious Government did not dare to forbid the funeral.

Strange days, and still stranger sultry tropic nights! The streets of Pará are alive with hucksters, jingling trolley-cars, and loiterers strolling under the mango trees. Then of a sudden a couple of auto trucks, filled with armed men, rush past, with a machine-gun mounted in front and a picturesque fellow with an immense field glass scanning the peaceful *avenida* ahead. A couple of mounted policemen and a few civilians, carrying rifles ready to fire, clatter after them.

'Don't go into the *Bosque*,' a man said to me; 'they're fighting there.' The Bosque is the city park of Pará. Who were fighting there? What had happened? I do not know. But the next day, when I did walk through the Bosque, after feeing the guard at the closed gate with a couple of milreis, I caught glimpses of horribly mutilated bodies bedded on the rank herbage under a thick cluster of bamboos.

All five newspapers printed in Pará

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repeated every morning that two modern destroyers, a large cruiser, and a transport with the forces of General Mena Barreto were due the following day on their way up the river. As long as I remained in Pará, however, I saw no army and no squadron, except four or five river boats that the Governor commandeered and rechristened warships. They consisted of little launches and one or two broad-beamed river steamers of the traditional Mississippi type. Dark-skinned sailors in cotton trousers loafed on their decks under an awning, munching *farinha* — poached manioc-flower. A machine-gun was set up at the stern, and each vessel flew the handsome war flag: *Ordem e Progresso*. This armada steamed upstream and then down again, and as it passed the wharves elegant officers in snow-white uniforms posed heroically around their pilot houses. . . .

The five newspapers in Pará raised their prices daily. They were negroid parodies of our censor-afflicted papers during the war. Not a single statement of fact was to be found in the *Estado do Pará*, in the *Republica*, or in the *Folha do Norte* — nothing but pæans of praise for the courage and intelligence of the military authorities. His Excellency the Senhor Governor had, it is true, taken refuge with a machine-gun company; but what courageous words he spoke when he was once there! The city fire companies would have performed heroic service had they taken part in the fighting, but they remained neutral. The bold lieutenant who commanded the guards at the Governor's Palace was completely worn out by his strenuous duties. To be sure, the guard was not attacked; but if it had been! . . .

But why all this? What is the reason for all this slaughter in the sunny streets and during the hot, dark nights? Have the colored people risen against the whites? Not at all. Have the poor revolted against the rich — the oppressed, enslaved rubber-gatherers of the virgin forest against the opulent planters and their silk-bedizened wives? Not at all. It is merely a case of soldiers fighting soldiers.

Soldiers killed each other in the street where an acquaintance of mine, a German merchant, resides. When I reached his house for supper his little three-year-old tow-headed boy was playing in front with the two tiny fascinating half-negro, half-Indian daughters of a neighbor. Tutu lay behind a tree with his toy pistol and went 'Boom! boom!' at Lusinha.

'What are you doing there, Tutu?'

'*Matar os soldados* (Killing soldiers),' lisped that little blond baby!

How can I describe this great market place, this delta port of the mighty Amazon — Pará, half Paris and half Timbuktu? It is simultaneously a European metropolis and a negro village: the wigwam stands three steps from the boulevard. . . . . .

A hundred square metres in front of the Grand Hotel is a Paris embowered in mango trees. At the Hotel itself a man can dine, if he so likes, on grilled turtle; he sips his coffee at a table on the asphalt under the arc lights; he can drink the best Pilsener or the wonderful narcotic juice of the guaraná plant with iced mineral water.

A monument stands in the park opposite; a museum, an opera house, and five cinemas face the square. Taxicabs and electric street-cars rattle past. But not quite three minutes from here — from this Pará-Paris — I know a side street where flocks of vultures and naked children revel together pell-mell in the garbage. At the shop of Madame Hélène, 'Modes et Robes,' one can buy the latest Paris fashions, but just beyond I know a place where an Indian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fisherman from the Island of Majaro sells live crocodiles, 'caught to-day.' One of the English tramway lines ends at the edge of the virgin forest. Ten steps beyond the terminal you can lose yourself in the jungle. Another line ends at a huddle of huts teeming with negroes, mulattoes, Indians, half-breeds, and I know not what else. A couple of posts and a few palm branches make a house. Inside an old woman swings in a hammock, smoking a corn-cob pipe. The furniture consists of a sewing-machine and a gramophone, but there is no wardrobe. Outside the door hens, shoats, puppies, and children — not three garments to a hundred children — form a happy community. Children of the same family may range through the whole gamut of hues from black, brown, to white. A couple of fruit trees, unnaturally green, shelter the hut, and behind them stretches the unbroken jungle. Yet this place is fifteen minutes' walk from the magnificent wharves where the boundless wealth that pours down from the Amazon is stored: rubber, Brazil nuts, costly woods, rare and unfamiliar fruits.

Pará's principal business street is called Rua João Alfredo. In its shops I have seen great diamonds from the interior, gold nuggets, poisoned native arrows, polished tortoise-shells; and the most expensive haberdashery from London is displayed in half-open booths.

Pará-Paris cannot be understood unless we keep in mind her hot tropic sunshine and her glaring blue sky — quickly obscured by black, threatening, lightning-laden clouds. Pará has a rainy season when it rains continuously, and a dry season when it rains every day. 'I 'll see you to-morrow morning after the shower,' is a common appointment. You step into a cool shop to escape the burning sun. While you are making a purchase, the street outside is deluged. A clerk hastily closes the doors, or the place would be flooded. By the time you have paid your bill, the sun again shines brightly. But the shower has cooled things off, and you go on your way rejoicing.

Yet the heat is not intolerable; the moisture seems to temper the sun's ardor. No one in Pará wears a tropical helmet, and sunstroke is unknown. The natives frequently wear dark trousers carefully pressed, and black jackets. If they wear white they have the wonderful knack of keeping their clothing immaculate all day; it never looks soiled or mussy. And the young beaux patronize at least twenty times a day boot-shiners, who themselves never have owned a pair of boots in their lives. The ladies are a little more Parisian than the Parisians, and their mixed blood lends a peculiar exotic charm to their deep, brilliant eyes.

At Vero-o-Peso, the small boat harbor, lie canoes with bright-colored sails, just arrived from the wilderness laden with the balls of rubber that bronze sap-gatherers collected from trees in the jungle only a few days ago. A native paddles in from some lonely bayou of the mighty river with a load of turtles' eggs or vegetable ivory, or a freshly slaughtered tapir. The market on shore is a crazy jumble of curiosities — impossible fish, perfectly absurd fruits, ropes of wonderful tobacco, orchids, tortoise shells, heaps of indescribably beautiful feathers, like jewels set in gold, and marvelous white heron plumes.

An elegant Parisian cocotte can buy here a gown from the Rue de la Paix, and a cannibal chief from the Amazon jungle can buy here a feather headdress, an arm ring, or a bow and bowstring. The city is both savage and civilized. It is never banal or commonplace. And the intoxicating, strange, spicy odors of the jungle are wafted to me through my window as I write.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY I LIKE MY WORK

A CZECHOSLOVAK SYMPOSIUM

From *Lidove Noviny, April* 20, *May* 1
(Brno Nationalist Liberal Daily)

[Last spring a daily paper in Brno, Czechoslovakia, invited contributions from its readers upon the theme 'Why I Like My Work.' We reprint four of the replies selected for publication — the first by a factory worker, the second by a woman of education, the third by a university professor, and the fourth by a small farmer. The Czech correspondent through whose courtesy they are called to our attention comments: 'They take you deeper into the soul of my nation than political manifestoes or ordinary literature.']

I

I work in a spinning-mill. I am on my feet and moving about all day long. I like that feature of my work. It gives me an opportunity to change my position constantly — to stretch, crouch, stand on tiptoe. I feel as if I were performing gymnastics. But I suppose you wish to know what kind of moral satisfaction I get from my work. Well, one great pleasure is that, after toiling all day, I still feel fresh and well in the evening. Then, when spinning, we not only exercise our bodies, but also our minds. Our spinning-frames are called 'self-actors,' but we call them simply 'machines.' My machine was made by the firm Jophy's Erben, and I call her Josephine.

This Josephine of mine is a very sensitive lady sometimes. You turn a lever a little bit too far, or loosen a chain, or take one tooth too much in a ratchet, and the dear old thing begins to carry on. She simply won't stand any nonsense, and likes things to be in order. Or heaven help you if you cheat her out of her proper portion of oil. She starts screeching quick enough, as if wishing to say: 'Why, you have had your food and have forgotten mine!'

Sometimes when we have a severe winter Josephine has no work over Sunday, for we keep no fire in the mill that day. In such cases she is apt to be sulky on Monday morning, and even steam power will not make her move. I myself have to help her with all my strength. Also there are times when no matter how careful you are, or when you have n't so much as touched her, she starts playing tricks. Then there is nothing else for it — the lady has to have the doctor. Sometimes the diagnosis does not last long; at other times the most careful examination does not reveal the trouble. In the latter case we must have an operation. With the assistance of an experienced surgeon I begin to take her apart. I never do it without learning something new.

Let me confess that I am even a little jealous of Josephine. The other day our boss introduced a night shift in the mill. Believe me, I should like to have both shifts myself. Then in the nice spring days, when the sun shines through our windows and lightens up the green in the little park opposite, the idea sometimes strikes me that it would do Josephine good if we could take her out of the factory and set her down on top of Hlouček Hill.

On the whole my work has its inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

esting aspects, and who knows whether you, Mr. Reader, might not have learned to like it if it had happened to be your job?

II

I started out in life with high ambitions. I was a clerk, then a social worker, and I wanted to be a woman physician, a nurse, a teacher, and the Lord knows what. For is there anything to which a young girl's heart does not aspire after she discovers that life does not mean to pet her, and learns from Tolstoi the doctrine that happiness comes only through service? I find myself to-day neither what I was nor what I wished to be. I am just a woman. I have learned to be a good wife to my husband, and have simply made womanhood my calling. I have found out that the world does not stand waiting for my good works, that the hour does not come when these are hailed and glorified by the public at large. I have given up even that form of service with which circles of charitable ladies busy themselves. My life and my work are just the simple, sober humdrum of a good housekeeper looking after her home.

And yet, although not more than three years ago I still shrank from the lot of a homemaker, to-day I am contented with it. And this is not merely the content of resignation. I have also shaken off the conventional idea so deeply rooted in many girls' minds that 'to be a woman means to suffer.' I take daily life and all its cares simply as they come, without posing as a martyr. I do not ask anybody to 'understand' me, because I have learned to find an outlet for my creative instinct within my own four walls.

It is not easy to describe exactly in what the creative womanhood that has reconciled me to my work consists. I only realize that it strengthens and fortifies my husband, surrounds my home with a quiet and peaceful atmosphere, and greets me in smiles in the eyes of my little circle of friends. I am quite satisfied that none should peer too closely into the workshop of my soul, that I am not troubling others with my sorrows, doubts, and struggles, that I am able to give to my friends something of the peace and faith and love for life that I myself have acquired.

Thus, by a sort of tacit contract with myself, I have assumed responsibility for the happiness of those who are near me, with the result that my own troubles retreat increasingly into the background. I find myself in constantly closer contact with life and ever more assured of my own *raison d'être*.

Perhaps it would be too much to say that I understand the reason for all this clearly and definitely. Possibly my happiness may rest to some extent on self-deception. But I am sure of one thing: I am happy in performing the ordinary duties of womanhood and in endeavoring to live up to my highest conception of this ideal.

III

My work runs along two lines which seem to me inseparable — teaching and writing. I enjoy both; I suppose I could hardly live without them. It is for others to judge whether I am sufficiently talented for such activities, but I feel in my own heart that they constitute my real vocation.

In both forms of my work I am a servant of human thought, and I use, to express it, the instrument that is dearest to me in all the world — my mother tongue. That is actually something more than a mere instrument. It is not only the medium through which I fully realize my own thoughts and teachings; it is a link uniting me with those who are dead, as well as with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those who are yet to come. Only through it can I also be a creator.

My work as a teacher and as a writer is a source of such constant pleasure that I cannot conceive of any greater. When I talk with ardor in my soul, or write with the fervor of enthusiasm, I forget myself entirely and feel as if I were identified with my thought. Sometimes I am even conscious that my hearers forget themselves and lose themselves in my thought. I believe that no other work could procure me the same opportunity for this secret fellowship.

IV

I fell to thinking, over my newspaper, why I like my work. If I were to answer the question I should do it with one sentence: 'I like it because it has found its way to my heart.' It seems to me that is the only true and satisfactory answer.

At the same time I understand that you, Mr. Editor, would not be satisfied at all with such an answer. I shall therefore try to say it with other words. I own a small farm. I operate about twelve acres of ground. When in the springtime I drive my oxen through the fields which my forefathers used to plow before me, I feel a joy in finishing every new furrow which, when sown with seed, feeds me and my fellow men. I ask myself, when I try to analyze the pleasure that I derive from the golden crops sown by my hand and watered by my sweat, whether it is no selfish love which somewhere in the hidden corner of my heart thinks of the hundredfold return in the harvest time. But my heart answers: 'Don't I feel the same joy, when I scatter the seed, whether the harvest be poor or whether it be abundant?' That is why I like my work — because I sow along with the seed also my heart, and because my forefathers have taught me not by words but by example how to do this.

THE RELIGION OF A JOURNALIST

BY THE LATE H. W. MASSINGHAM

From the *Spectator, September 27, October 4*
(London Moderate-Conservative Weekly)

[Mr. Massingham, perhaps the leading Liberal journalist of Great Britain, was editor of the London *Nation* from 1907 to 1923, and the virtual creator of that journal. The following article, written shortly before his death, was intended to form part of a volume of reminiscences.]

Like most of my countrymen, — and every other kind of countryman, — I am a heathen, with religious intervals. Religion was introduced to me in the person of the unpleasant Jehovah, and became terrifying through its picture of the life after death, and ridiculous in the light of my childish analysis of the life of the people who practised it. I knew — though I dared not say so — that the God of my fathers was little better than a devil; but I also realized that while this conception was some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing to me, it had little meaning for my fellow-Jahvists. They, indeed, had little gods of their own. They were not Christians. The noble and sincere ones, like my mother, believed in duty, and lived by it, while they showed the stern face of the Puritan to the world and its pleasures, and looked forward to a heaven passionless save for the joy of meeting the one whom they loved. The rest were mere tellurians. The shop was their world and their other-world; the chapel the place where they enjoyed the little measure of power or consideration that the shopkeeping life denied them. What spiritual home was here for an imaginative youth, beginning to read Shelley and Byron, Voltaire and Strauss, Arnold and *Supernatural Religion*, and satirical analyses of the Old Testament story, till he knew the answer to the stock arguments of a 'faith' which he also knew to be no faith at all? Having flung it away as I did, my alternative scheme of salvation would have been in devotion to the literary art.

But I was alone. The only being whom I loved, and who had any power of God over me, was dead, and there opened to me together the two great dissipations of the newspaper and the theatre. The latter, indeed, was more than a dissipation. I can any day live over again the childish thrill of expectant joy that shook the guilty soul of the boy of sixteen when the curtain rose on his first play. The play was *Madame Angot*. I loved its cloying melodies, and I no more saw harm in its cynicism than I read sensuality into my child's gift-book of the *Arabian Nights*. There was a time, a little later on, when the theatre became a little hell-porch to me, but the worst thing about the drama of the seventies was that the food supplied to it by Robertson, H. J. Byron, Charles Reade, and Tom Taylor was far too thin to satisfy the hungry fancies of sixteen. Shakespeare might have done it; but Shakespeare was then in the hands of 'star' pot-wallopers, fearfully shadowed by troops of 'supers.' There, save for a very rare flash from Sheridan and Goldsmith, all the light that the theatre could cast on the dull, incurious life of an English provincial city came to an end. Not a wavelet from the great romantic movement ever reached our shores. No help here for young souls that had lost their way.

As for music, which did flourish, in one brilliant organist at the cathedral, a great Bach player, in the Festivals, — Handel, Mendelssohn, and insipid English contemporaries, — and in demi-semi-classical concerts, it had been so villainously taught to me that both its grammar and syntax were almost unknown, and its spiritual delights, vaguely and at rare intervals passionately indulged, neither braced the mind for a finer contact with life, nor sensibly quickened the imagination.

And then there was the newspaper office. Certainly it was extremely pleasant, yielded me at least one ennobling influence, and at its worst was by no means all evil. But I caught up with it at a difficult angle. Nearly every member had some kind of religion. Its professor now and then exchanged it for another, or, after a lecture on evolution, for none at all. But usually it was no more than minister-worship, and of that I had seen enough. The thing that did me some good was that here, at least, after the hypocritical gloom of the chapel, and the severity of the Puritan home, was a sense of pagan enjoyment. To a young reporter on a provincial paper all the fun of the town is open sesame. And with my love of pleasure this was also a relief from the excessive strain of my schooldays, and also, alas! a dispensation from my school habit of hard and regular study. The mind, suddenly emptied of its best

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

furniture, soon found room for the little devils of provincial life — amusement-hunting, passing loves, and the gossipy idleness which is two thirds of journalism.

But if it be true that both the Anglican and the Roman can leave the torment of religion behind him, it rarely lets the child of Puritanism alone. Again, two conflicting streams of tendency came in at the hour when, with the fearful withdrawal of my brother's fine and strong intelligence, all spiritual direction seemed to be lost. Helper No. 1 was Mr. Spilling, my Swedenborgian editor. Helper No. 2 was Mr. Perris, the minister at the Octagon Chapel, once the resort of the Martineaus and of many a famous Unitarian Elder, which I frequented, much to the scandal of the orthodox. The latter was a born *raisonneur*, who supplied, from a very well-stored mind, a scornful commentary on the rather abundant omissions in the evangelical reading of the canon. I remember one sermon of his from the text, 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' whose effect on me I can only compare to the delighted thrill of a plunge, years after, into the ice-cold water of a Norwegian fiord.

Mr. Spilling's influence was quite different. His thinking had been fed from a narrower culture than Mr. Perris's, being in fact the fruit of a life-study of Swedenborg, with a little Berkeley thrown in, and a mystic's reading of nineteenth-century poetry and romance. This period had for him a great spiritual significance. It dated the second coming of Jesus, the recovery of man's belief in earth as 'a shadow of Heaven,' that is to say, of a true criticism of life, a spiritual interpretation of the mystery of the universe. The grand elucidation had been made by Swedenborg, but Blake and Wordsworth and Shelley, and even the lesser Victorians, all helped it on. Darwinism he ridiculed. Its theory of selection was a mere piling of accident on accident, and therefore not science; a banishing of mind from the universe, and therefore irreligious and inhuman. Years later this view was brilliantly expounded by Butler and Shaw, and Martineau's magnificent prose first fixed in my mind the conception that never left it — that the truth about things which reached the higher levels of man's thought could not be expressed in terms of materialism.

But this was not the way in which Spilling really helped me, so far as my inborn willfulness and tendency to break away from the fatigue of thought into mere exciting experiences ever allowed of spiritual help from without. He made me see Christianity as a lovable thing. In theory the devout Swedenborgian, unlike Blake, identifies Jehovah and Christ. But in practice he separates them. Spilling, a simple and paternally kind nature, hated the Puritan's inhibition on art — he adored the theatre, then regarded in chapel-going Norwich as the way to the Pit — and despised the mean, money-changer's life into which, save for politics, the average Nonconformist's activities flowed. Thus the Jesus he expounded to me was really not unlike Blake's Deliverer from Jahvism. Only he called Him God, while I found a Man, and His coming in this human guise did usher in for me a return to sunlight.

To the sacramental Churches I was not drawn. The journalist in me was sensible that the movement that way in the Anglican Church was almost over, while the tremendous speed at which science began to walk, opening out new avenues of thought — not, as Martineau showed, necessarily material ones — with every stride, turned the really inquiring eyes in her direction. No sensitive mind but is emotionally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stirred when first it grasps the meaning of Catholic ceremonial as expressed in the Mass and in the Benediction. If the soul could thus be renewed by a recurring act of communion with the Divine, what a simple thing the spiritual life became! But the literalness of the intervening symbol repelled me. I could no more read its dark metaphysic into the story of the Last Supper than I could see the worldlings of the Wesleyan Chapel refined by their belief in redemption by the Blood.

But at least the Nonconformist was right on one point — his refusal to accept Christianity in the form of a political institution. Politics were run by politicians. One knew the political character, which did not in the least degree resemble the saintly character, or the poetic character, or the free, lovable character, with weaknesses, such as the Christian humanists, like Dickens or Dostoevskii, like to draw. It was worldly, it was limited; above all, it was unoriginal. It never led to anything; it merely accepted. So with the Churches. They accepted capitalism, they accepted war; what would they not accept so only they could retain their hold on society, and make its evil seem good, with no transformation of the soul or of the daily practice?

Thus it was that, to the skeptical eye of the journalist, the Church lacked all power. It was a make-believe. The world despised it, knowing it could be bought, or at least easily compromised with, and that all that the Church could retort on its rival was to frighten it a little with its incantations. But the fire was out; the Church, as Black declared, had grown 'cold,' and, in its soul-relation to the world, was practically functionless. It did not even dispense its sacraments; it sold them to those who had, while those who had not did without them, and lived on such stores of love, peace, health, and leisure as the greed of the powers that were, sacred and secular, left over.

But Jesus, one felt, was not like that. And going back to the Bible, and with the aid of modern criticism simplifying the story of His life, as the imaginative reader loves to simplify it, I saw it was elemental stuff, and that out of it was made all the goodness I had ever come in contact with. Thus there was truth in Swedenborg's vision of Christ as the Grand Man, who somehow came in to save the world from being destroyed by its own selfishness, as well as by its tendency to go on believing what was no longer believable. This model of true living was always being lost and always being rediscovered. In this sense the 'Coming of Jesus' of the orthodox was a religious truth. It was a going back, like Christian after his lost scroll, to the foundations of society.

These things I realized intellectually a little later in my life than the period I am now describing, though, alas! I rarely applied them to my personal conduct. I found this objective Christianity in Ruskin, in the great Romantics, particularly in Hugo, above all in Tolstoi.

All through this period I was melancholy by fits and starts. But the melancholy of young men whose circumstances are happy, as mine then were, is largely a joke; its reality comes later, in the shadow and foretaste of death, when, as Tolstoi says, though we 'live on,' living seems to have come to an end. Nevertheless, the discontinuous, unsatisfying, immoral life of journalism turns even young men into pessimists, or rather cynics, before their time. It feeds restlessness by more restlessness, and that certainly is no cure. So it was with me. At that time I had little that was positive in my intellectual life, save the satisfaction that one has in a growing ease and mastery in one's work. Church-going

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had abandoned, save for an occasional visit to Stopford Brooke's chapel, where the attraction was partly æsthetic, partly intellectual, and partly, too, a half-amused sense of Brooke's personal charm and beauty, and of wonder how far he, like Thackeray's Honeyman, enjoyed it himself. Brooke preached poetic theism, making of Christ a beautiful but rather sentimental figure, a Carlo Dolce of the pulpit.

But I had begun to get some politico-religious ideas of my own, which I have never abandoned. The Socialist Movement in England had begun, and Socialists, Christian and non-Christian, bothered little about other-worldliness. The former were of the Sacramental school, Anglican branch, and individually, I imagine, they assumed that they were as much 'saved' as they were ever likely to be. But being profoundly convinced that the rich, unless they mended their ways, must infallibly be damned, their main concern was with the unsound condition of industrial England.

With this healthy school I came in contact soon after my journey to London. The leader was Stewart Headlam, best and simplest of men, who, though a born pastor of souls, could never get a cure of them in London, because the Bishop failed to share his enthusiasm for the Milanese ballet, which he regarded as an exclusively religious exercise. The other half of his creed was Land Nationalization, and through him I came in contact with Henry George. He was my first introduction to the man of genius. George was taken here for a type of the American crank, but he never talked like one, being in fact one of the great natural thinkers who reduce the detail of life to pure vision. Doubtless he was one-ideaed. He saw society restored to happiness by the way of land restoration, and that, in its turn, achieved by the method of the single tax. At one time that idea, as the popularity of the wonderfully written *Progress and Poverty* showed, looked as if it would capture the whole democratic movement, leaving it, as the Crusades left Christian Europe, in a state of complete disillusion. Its final and useful function was to implant in our urban population the almost lost sense of their right to the land — that is, to its enjoyment in a properly organized State. Henry George was just the type of man to fix a moral idea such as this. All the Socialist leaders of my time and before it — Marx, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Hyndman, Shaw, even William Morris — were middle-class intellectuals, some of them sophisticated intellectuals. George, the ex-compositor, was a man of the people, a Rousseau without Rousseau's vices. He drew direct from life, expressing his thought with the simplicity of Cobden and Bastiat, but with more feeling.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH: A NOVELIST OF THE FARM

BY ANDREW E. MALONE

From the *Irish Statesman, September 27*
(DUBLIN LITERARY AND POLITICAL WEEKLY)

[A TIMELY interest is given this article by Miss Kaye-Smith's marriage on the seventeenth of last month to the Reverend Theodore Penrose Fry. Coincident with this important event a collected edition of her novels is announced.]

FARMS everywhere look peaceful enough when viewed from the windows of a railway carriage. They look like the townsman's ideal of peace. But beneath that peace and a part of it is the grim incessant struggle of man with the land. It is the greatest and the most ruthless of all the struggles with the forces of nature, for upon it the very existence of humanity depends. It is a contest of epic magnitude, yet very little is ever spoken or written about it. It is possible to read fiction, and even history, for years without once coming into intimate contact with the great struggle. The sea is much written about and its conquest made romantic. Railways, telegraphs, and the rest have all had their triumphant shouters. Yet how very insignificant they all are when compared with man's struggle with the land. Even the 'bucking broncs' of Arizona, or wherever they come from, are more written about than the folk of the farms. The farm with its continuous struggle for the basis of existence is held to be sordid — and the 'bucking bronc' is romantic!

The land, of course, figures prominently in English fiction, but it is the land as understood by the landlord, rather than as it is understood by the farmer. The country house, with its dogs, its game, its shootings, and its house parties, is far removed from the farm, as John Galsworthy has shown so fully and so powerfully on many occasions. But it is to writers like Thomas Hardy and Maurice Hewlett that the English farmer is indebted for his high place in contemporary English literature. Hardy's Wessex is a farmer's kingdom, and Hewlett's *Song of the Plough* is too magnificent for a public that prefers Zane Grey. To the company of Hardy, Galsworthy, and the recently deceased Maurice Hewlett must be added Sheila Kaye-Smith. What they have done for the rural folk of Dorset, Devon, and Wilts, she has done for the farming folk of Sussex. Her love for the county and its folk does not soar as does that of Hilaire Belloc; it goes deep down into the soil and into the hearts and minds of the people.

> I will gather and carefully make my friends
> Of the men of the Sussex Weald;
> They watch the stars from silent folds,
> They stiffly plough the field;
> By them and the God of the South Country
> My poor soul shall be healed.

In a series of novels which began in 1908, and now numbers twelve volumes, Miss Kaye-Smith has portrayed the Sussex folk of the past and the present. The inspiration of locality provides the stimulus for her work; and while the majority of her contemporaries depend upon instinct and emotion, she depends upon close study and observation. To her contempo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raries she stands in somewhat similar relation to that of, say, George Eliot to Jane Austen. George Eliot revealed a subject, while Jane Austen revealed herself. Beyond the probability that her religion is that of the Anglican High Church, there is little of Sheila Kaye-Smith revealed in her writing. She is as objective as Hardy, and like him she discovers the core of romance which is in all things, however dirty they may seem. Interest in the superficialities of country life, which for so long made up country life to the urban mind, pretty milkmaids, buttercups, and ploughmen plodding homeward their weary way, she has none. There is little of pastoral loveliness or innocent milkmaids in her work. She is often brutally frank, in speech as in description, sparing no details of the dung and the sweat of the farmyard. Village life can be as sordid and as repulsive as the worst city slum, and Miss Kaye-Smith is as realistic in method as she is romantic in temperament. Some of her critics have suggested that the 'realism' is derived from books and mere hearsay, that she has not lived in it; but the Backfields in *Sussex Gorse*, the Coalbrans in *The Challenge to Sirius*, and the Goddens in *Joanna Godden* are lived with by the reader, so they are real enough to be true. All her stories are not, of course, equally convincing, but they are all real enough to make the reader believe that Sheila Kaye-Smith understands her farmer with the understanding of love, even if she never lived the farming life herself. It is, however, difficult to believe that one who describes so intimately and understands so profoundly the lives of the farming folk of Sussex has not herself been one of them.

There is another aspect of Sheila Kaye-Smith which tends to confirm the view that she has lived the farming life. She is very definitely masculine in her outlook. There is not on the farm that broad mental distinction between the sexes that is such a feature of urban life. Nature is too close to be glossed and veneered, and there is little of that artificial gallantry which is so attractive in the life of cities. That definitely masculine outlook, with its tendency toward melodrama, separates Sheila Kaye-Smith from the woman writers of her day and places her in the succession to George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, but, as is the custom now, she makes no attempt to hide her sex by the adoption of a masculine pseudonym. Rita Simons says in *The Challenge to Sirius:* —

> 'Of course, most critics dislike women writers. They say that writing 's a man's job, and that we 're unsexing ourselves. . . . Have you read these charming little sketches by Mrs. Gaskell in *Household Words* — all about dear old maids in a country village? That 's the only sort of stuff a woman should be allowed to write, the only sort of stuff she can write without unsexing herself.'

But that was in the days of the young Victoria, and it is no longer true when the majority of novelists are women. Another remark of Rita Simons's is, however, true of Sheila Kaye-Smith: 'My particular ape of manliness is intellectual, not physical.'

This quality is excellently illustrated in the book that first brought Miss Kaye-Smith prominently before the public. This was *Sussex Gorse*, published in 1916, and hailed by the most competent critics as one of the most remarkable novels of the time. It is the almost-epic story of the fierce and passionate love of a man for the savage common of gorse and furze known as Boarzell. 'It lay in a great hush, a great solitude, a quiet beast of power and mystery. It seemed to call

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to him through the twilight like a love forsaken. There it lay: Boarzell — strong, beautiful, desired, untamed, still his hope, still his battle.' Through seventy years Reuben Backfield fought the battle for, and against the savagery of, Boarzell. Everything in his life he sacrificed in his mighty struggle for and with the land; his brother, two wives, six sons, and two daughters were in their turn sacrificed to the land. Every human bond was severed in the mad frenzy for its possession and subjugation. Nothing daunted him, nothing could turn him from the determination to own, and to reap crops from, that common where the gypsies camped, where the annual fair was held, which was named Boarzell. Boarzell is the dominating thing in *Sussex Gorse*, as is Egdon Heath in Hardy's *Return of the Native*. It beat all the humanity out of Reuben Backfield, but in the end he could say to himself: —

'I 've won — and it 's bin worth while. I 've wanted a thing, and I 've got it, surelye — and I aünt too old to enjoy it nuther. I may live to be a hundred, a man of my might. But if I go next week I shan't complain, for I've lived to see my heart's desire. I 've fought and I 've suffered, and I 've gone hard and gone rough and gone empty — but I have n't gone in vain. It 's all bin worth it. Odiam 's great and Boarzell 's mine — and when I die — well, I 've lived so close to the earth all my days that I reckon I shan't be afraid to lie in it at last.'

The fierce passion for the land has rarely been so magnificently portrayed as in *Sussex Gorse*, but it will be found in many of Miss Kaye-Smith's books. It is rarely absent entirely, but sometimes it is blended with other motives.

In *The Challenge to Sirius*, love for the Isle of Oxney is strong in the Coalbrans, as it is in Frank Rainger. Rainger is not a native — he is the son of a London journalist who, smashed and demoralized by the defection of his wife, had come to live with the Coalbrans at Moon's Green Farm. He grew with the Coalbrans, and came to love Maggie as he did the farm. To London, to the literary career to which his father had destined him, he went, and in his absence Maggie married. Rainger went to America and fought for the South in the Civil War. Towards its close he was taken prisoner, escaped, tried to get to the West Indies, and was wrecked on the coast of Yucatan. In Yucatan he lived for eleven years as the servant of an old priest. The death of the priest, and the suggestion of the priest's housekeeper, determined his return to Sussex and to Maggie Coalbran, who had always been in his mind. Returning, he found Maggie a widow, in control of a very prosperous farm and dairy business, but he resumed his work at Moon's Green. It was Maggie who brought about their marriage.

He did not fulfill the local expectation that he would neglect Maggie for her farm. He and she were finishing their life as if they had spent the whole of it together in happy wedlock, instead of having met again only just before it was too late. He had given up his habit of lonely tramps, for, after all, he was getting old and liked to sit and doze in his spare time. But he would often take Maggie for a drive in his gig, — north to the Kentish hills or south to the Sussex woods, — and though they were both old people, and filled the gig seat rather too generously, he would feel as if he were living over again the days when they had scoured the country together, and shared wonderful adventures and shining discoveries.

In *The Challenge to Sirius* Miss Kaye-Smith may be found at her best and most typical — completely masculine and roughly sincere. In it, too, may be found a conversation which completely discovers the peasant mind, and which might well stand as a summary of her war-time novel, *Little*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England. 'Oh, I wur disremembering you 'd bin in a war — but that 's over a long time, I reckon.'

'Eleven years.'

'And did your side win?'

It was with *Tamarisk Town* in 1919 that Miss Kaye-Smith first achieved that larger circle of readers that is called popularity. Again it is a study in egoism; the story of a man told from the man's point of view, and with a man's outlook. It has the town, rather than the village, for its setting. It is the story of a struggle between personality and ambition, between what the man is and the impression he desires to make upon his world. She returns to the farm with *Green Apple Harvest* and *Joanna Godden*. Joanna Godden is, of course, a farmer. She is, nevertheless, woman enough, and strong-willed enough, to love her shepherd and thus outrage the social system of which she is an important part. Her love for, and her interest in, her farm and her sister led her to make light of her own love and the love that others had for her — she threw love away with a grand gesture, only to find it return and conquer her in the end. *Joanna Godden* is one of the great novels of our time. Joanna herself lives in the memory; she embodies, like all the great characters of fiction, a universal power. She has the strength and the weakness, the primitive ardor and the magic power of the earth she loves and tills. The promise of *Sussex Gorse*, *The Challenge to Sirius*, and *Tamarisk Town* was more than amply fulfilled in *Joanna Godden*, which placed Sheila Kaye-Smith first of the woman novelists, and among the greatest novelists, of her time.

She has made the county of Sussex what Thomas Hardy made of the kingdom of Wessex — a special preserve which she has cultivated with great skill and assiduity. She has, in common with Hardy, that imaginative sympathy which finds kinship with silent nature and an understanding with primitive man. Her yeomen and her peasants are simple and unspoiled, not yet caught in that cosmic whirl which is called progress. They are simple in nature and monotonous in speech. Miss Kaye-Smith is criticized sometimes for a perhaps too faithful reproduction of that monotonous speech; but that speech is an essential part of her people, and without it her people could never be faithfully presented. Her realism is that of temperamental affinity presented with romantic glamour. Irish novelists could have no better model than Sheila Kaye-Smith. The Irish farmer still awaits the writer who will present him, and make him vocal, to the world. The Sussex folk were silent and unknown until Miss Kaye-Smith began to interpret them. Now the reading public knows them intimately, and Hilaire Belloc has been given that edifice for which he yearned: —

'And there shall the Sussex songs be sung and the story of Sussex told.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FOURTH-WALL GAME

BY I. B.

From the *Manchester Guardian, October* 15
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

THE art of the theatre, we know, is the art of illusion. Illusion we accept; a black curtain will be our Elsinore or windy Troy, and we shall not grumble. But when the producer makes the curtain his fourth wall and essays to put behind it the quintessence of an English home, then criticism of his reality is challenged. Caviling becomes second nature in one who finds himself in a theatre several times a week. And not without reason, for the realistic 'setting' has conventions quite as stiff as any other, and all the more objectionable because realism professes to be clear of such ritual.

The trouble begins with the dramatist. In nine cases out of ten he cannot resist titles. He cannot even resist riches. His characters have neither jobs nor young children, but only the means and freedom to keep butlers and go to the Riviera at half an hour's notice. They live, when not in the Riviera, in country houses, and these houses seem to have only two kinds of room — the library and the lounge-hall.

Let us begin with the library. It is portentously tall, has four doors, a fireplace that could n't possibly warm a tenth of it even if there were only one source of draught, and at least one case of books. Occasionally a lavish producer will insist on real books; usually he relies on the scene-painter, who has plainly never been a bookish man. He paints shelves on which every book is the same size and that enormous. One such library recently presented to London playgoers contained about seventy flat long volumes in gray; there was a rival set in green, and no other books. One of each had been removed, but they were n't lying on the table. Had someone taken them to bed? I refuse to believe that the monsters could have been so manipulated except by a giant in a four-poster. They would have been admirably suited for the relief of tables with 'game' legs, but this, of course, was the house of a titled person. Broken tables would have been dealt with by the men-servants in a prompt and decorous manner.

Men-servants make up the principal fauna of this curious district behind the fourth wall. I admit the existence of butlers. I have seen one. But I deny their proliferation over the English countryside, and I am quite sure that in real life they never have good parts. The butler I have met did not make a single epigram; he did not moralize profoundly and wittily, nor did he tell me the family history; he did not begin a single sentence with 'The trouble about women, sir, is,' and so on. I fancy that he had never been to the theatre. He did not for a moment see that I, as a playgoer, was expecting tremendous things; he did not even look tremendous; he was a mean, skimpy, and silent man, whereas I had been learning, ever since I started to lean against pit doors, that butlers are majestical and aphoristic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But my disappointment about butlers has been equaled by my disillusion about lounge-halls. Scenes that do not happen in libraries happen, as I have already said, in lounge-halls, the seats of the mighty having no other rooms. Rarely do I approach the mighty, but such glimpses as a mere peeping vagabond may get suggest that lounge-halls are a fake. They suit the dramatist, because you can get people in and out of them easily; they suit the producer, because you can have a staircase for superb exits. But they could not possibly suit human beings, and no architect imaginable could contrive such monstrosities as those which contain the kind of people known to Mr. A. A. Milne. . . .

Anyone who has endeavored to face the English climate in the constant company of French windows knows the latter to form one of the most efficient instruments of torture ever devised by master builders, a tribe who during the nineteenth century carried Sadism to a very high degree. Lounge-halls either have French windows or no windows; they abound in doors, stairs, and other conductors of cold air. If the average lounge-hall of polite comedy were equipped with two anthracite stoves and a labyrinthine chain of hot-water pipes it would still be uninhabitable. The only thing to be said for these public spaces, in which dramatic families conduct their most intimate business, is that on a very hot night they are cool to look upon from the stifling auditorium. And if you ask what the dwellers behind the fourth wall do in winter, you raise another striking mystery of the playhouse.

Plays always happen in the summer time. When the fourth-wall families have gone through a sufficient process of sexual entanglement to make a play inevitable, it is always June. The French windows can be opened and so reveal a backcloth of sky, blue beyond the most exacting standards of the Mediterranean; the heroine wears white; one of the men is in flannels. Three months, six months, may elapse, but eternal summer gilds them yet. There are no mists on the lawn, no mackintoshes in the hall; it is roses, roses all the way, and it is England.

The theatrical managers may retort that the public do not pay twelve shillings and sixpence in order to be reminded of what is going on outside. Confront them with a programme which announces 'Special Fog Effects by Climatics, Limited,' 'Ladies' Dresses by Burberry and Gentlemen's Coats by Mattamac,' 'The Cough Mixture taken in Act II has been supplied by Messrs. Owbridge,' 'Goloshes and Umbrellas by the Everyday Wear Company' — confront them, in short, with even the fringe of reality, and they would bolt in unison for the plays about Barg-dard, where the sun of contentment is blazing on the shoulders of nudity, where there are no muddy gutters, and only golden roads. What is a poor dramatist who wants to write about England to do? The answer is simple: he must make his baronets preternaturally hardy, or limit his notions of the English climate to his experience of May, June, and July, 1921. He must at all costs see that divorce proceedings, arrivals of awkward strangers, and all similar domestic embroilments, have a close season from September till May; he must see that, as a bee garners honey for the winter, the butler lays by all his epigrams for the summer; and he must arrange for all the Atlantic depressions to pass north of Iceland or south of the Azores until the divorces and the epigrams are over. It may sound rather a tall order, but in the strange kingdom behind the fourth wall it is frequently carried out.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KUNO FISCHER

BY V. ZENZINOV

From *Dni, June* 29
(Berlin Non-Bolshevist Russian-Language Daily)

[Germany has recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Kuno Fischer, one of those 'knights of the spirit' who created the best of German possessions, her spiritual culture. For many years he was professor at Heidelberg University, where his course in the history of philosophy attracted students from all over Germany and from many foreign countries, and where he wrote his *History of Modern Philosophy*, in ten volumes.]

It was an established academic tradition that each German university should have a philosophical celebrity of its own. Halle, in its day, was famous for Riehl, Strassburg for Windelband, Freiburg for Rickert, and Heidelberg for Kuno Fischer. It seemed that the smaller the town the bigger was its famous philosopher. In some cases it might be said that the celebrated man was not so much part of the university as the university was part of him. This feature of academic life was the most characteristic trait of those small university centres. A student's years in such a shady little seat of learning, with its petty local interests and intensely centralized intellectual activities, were a peculiarly precious experience. A man's university course, the first phase of Goethe's scheme of life, was not only a period of study, but also a distinct epoch in his mental evolution.

When Kuno Fischer occupied the philosophical throne of Heidelberg he was as much of a landmark there as was Heidelberg Schloss, Perkeo, — the hunchback dwarf who was reputed to be the good spirit of its famous wine-cellar, — or the gigantic Heidelberg tun.

The whole town knew him, of course; everyone greeted him in the street, and he figured in hundreds of anecdotes. It was said that when Kuno Fischer hired a cab he would merely tell the driver to take him home, and if the artless fellow ventured to ask the address the old man indignantly left the carriage.

I had the good fortune to hear Kuno Fischer lecture during the summer semester of 1901 and the winter semester of 1903–4, when he gave his celebrated courses on the history of philosophy and on Goethe's *Faust*.

His lecture-room was always overcrowded, even on hot summer days when the temptation to ramble in the wonderful environs of Heidelberg was so great, or during drowsy afternoons when the whole town slumbered. A short, chubby, vivacious old man, — he was seventy-seven at that time, — he would energetically push his way into his classroom through the throng of students who not only filled the benches but stood in a thick mass in the aisles. Invariably he was met by a thunderous stamping of feet — a customary greeting with German students, which raised clouds of dust.

His first words were pronounced with one foot resting on the first step of his speaker's platform: 'The last time we stopped at . . .' No one, during Kuno Fischer's long academic career, ever saw him use a note, a copybook, or even a volume for reference. He quoted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everything from memory — Plato, Aristotle, Kant, columns of bibliography, whole biographies, entire pages from *Faust*. His really phenomenal memory was one of his foibles — he obviously prided himself on it. A favorite student legend attributed this faculty to the possession of a certain key, which he always pulled from his pocket as soon as he ascended the platform and never let go of until the end of his lecture. Jokes were another of his foibles. He repeated these in almost the same words year after year with unfailing regularity — they seemed to be part of the course. His hearers always knew when they were coming, because Kuno Fischer would wrinkle his nose in a comical preliminary grimace, and his light-blue eyes would begin to sparkle mischievously. The students would wait attentively until the expected sentence came, and then greet it with a thunder of stamping feet. Indeed, no one could remain passive before his pink face, always clean-shaven and shining with humor, with its tiny nose adorned by a clearly marked *Durchzieher* — the memento of a student duel.

The event of every winter semester was his initial free public lecture — on Goethe's *Faust*. Usually the whole university was present; but many visitors who had no connection with academic life would also attend. Among them were usually American tourists and people from neighboring towns. There was a legend, reverently handed down from generation to generation of students, to the effect that even His Highness the Duke of Baden once came from Baden expressly to attend this opening lecture.

Of course the largest lecture-room, the *maxima*, could never accommodate such an audience — a fact well known to everyone, including Kuno Fischer himself. Nevertheless the same performance was repeated each year. Professor Fischer would appear at the entrance of the lecture-hall, make a concientious, though unsuccessful, attempt to squeeze through the dense wall of humanity and reach his desk, and fail to do so. Thereupon an usher would announce that since the lecture-hall could not accommodate all those who wished to hear him the lecture of His Excellency, Geheimrath Kuno Fischer, would take place in the Aula. At this signal the audience would noisily ascend the stairs to the Aula; Kuno Fischer would appear in the doorway, and while he walked down the aisle from the door to the platform, with his small mincing steps, the building would tremble with the enthusiastic stamping of his admirers. This was Kuno Fischer's little annual triumph.

To understand his popularity one should hear him deliver a lecture, especially one of his lectures on *Faust;* but seeing him was as important as hearing him, for he acted as well as spoke. His small face was not particularly expressive, but his sparkling eyes rendered the whole gamut of human emotion; and he had perfect command of his voice, modulating it at will from solemn, full-voiced passages to a tragic whisper. It was declamation by a true veteran artist who knew his powers and liked to give them play.

Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten . . .

He was enwrapped in an atmosphere of loving respect; he was his fellow townsmen's pride; and even his numerous temperamental failings, which no one tried to deny, did not spoil his personality. Indeed, they seemed to add character to it, and Kuno Fischer was beloved just as he was, with all his little weaknesses. He was extremely cutting in argument and never spared his opponents, whom he handled without gloves in his books and lectures. The dead were no exception, and people who had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long since become historical figures to us were to him still living enemies. His opinion of himself was very high. For instance, he was convinced that in philosophy only three names merited consideration; he named two, leaving the readers the easy task of guessing the third. Then too, like all Germans, he loved titles. I remember how once in my presence a young Russian student girl handed him her *Anmeldebuch* to be signed, saying: '*Bitte, Herr Professor —*' He straightened up indignantly and corrected in an angry voice: '*Aber Excellenz, bitte!*'

Nevertheless, all loved him. Germans called him, when speaking among themselves, simply 'Kuno,' and Russians, 'Kunosha.' For he was not merely an ordinary professor of the Heidelberg University, but one of the last creators of the German culture.

'ROOING' IN AUSTRALIA

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From *Algemeen Handelsblad, June 7*
(Amsterdam Commercial Daily)

I was in Mildura, an irrigation district stretching along the southern bank of the Murray River, which is the centre of the Australian dried-fruit industry. It is surrounded by many miles of wild country where kangaroos and emus have until recently lived practically unmolested. But in Australia, as elsewhere, the motor-car has conquered nature and distance, until to-day a hundred-mile kangaroo-hunt has become a Sunday forenoon's recreation.

Jack Joy, famous in these parts as a mighty hunter of kangaroos, stopped his powerful Hudson in front of my hotel early one Sunday morning before the Southern Cross had faded from the heavens.

The hot southern summer sun was just rising above the age-old eucalypti when we crossed the Murray ferry. We were forewarned by weather signs that it would be one of those excessively hot days when the thermometer in the regions around Mildura reaches 120° F. in the shade. On such a day to occupy the front seat in an automobile is worse than a stoker's job aboard a Red Sea steamer. The reflections from the windshield dazzled our eyes until we saw ahead of us strange optical illusions, which Jack called a mirage.

The back seat was occupied by Tiger and Lion, Jack's two greyhounds. They stretched their yellow bodies and long muzzles toward me, when I boarded the car, and snapped at me. A rough curse from their master and a lash with the whip caused them to lie down docilely again, their thin tails curled up, their blood-red tongues sweating.

Tiger and Lion were veterans. Their scalps were hairless, their shoulders bore deep scars; Lion's belly showed signs of a broad cut, recently healed, marking a vicious rip made by the wiry hind-legs of a kangaroo. No wonder that the muscles of these hounds stiffen the moment they spy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a peculiar trail — two parallel tracks in the sand, showing where a 'roo' has landed after each spring upon his two-toed hind-legs.

Jack stepped on the gas and we drove full speed over the hard, straight road at forty or fifty miles an hour. The heavy car flashed like a black spook past white-stemmed, leafless, melancholy trees that added a graveyard gloom to the landscape. The hot breeze, laden with fine sand, beat against our faces and hardened our skin to parchment. Not a living thing was visible — not a bird in the air, not a single animal between the spectral tree-trunks — except millions of insects that easily kept pace with our car.

We continued thus for an hour and a half; neither of us spoke except for a curse from Jack now and then when the car struck an obstacle or the dogs gave an excited yelp. The melancholy trees gave way slowly to low grayish scrubs and ferns, and these in turn to grass-grown prairie, dotted with frequent thickets.

Several miles from Mildura we stopped for a few minutes at a miserable 'pub,' where the keeper and his guests — two cow-punchers and several 'swagsmen,' or Australian tramps — were drinking a deadly brand of spirits. Jack did n't drink, but treated the company to a string of oaths, while he calmly filled his radiator, and two extra benzine-cans, from a neighboring well.

The half-drunken cow-punchers showed a desire to fight, but they were intimidated by the greyhounds, who bared their long sharp teeth and stood growling near their master. 'Scum!' snarled Jack, adding an unrepeatable adjective.

Soon after we left the pub the dogs began to whine and yelp, indicating that we were in a region where kangaroos had left their scent. In a moment Jack was all tenderness. He patted their outstretched necks and stopped the car. The dogs led him straightway to a cold roo-trail. He petted them again and told them in his kindest way — all the while cursing the roos — not to let the quarry get the best of them. Did the dogs understand this talk? I don't know; but they lifted their gazelle eyes to him and rubbed their slender bodies against his leather-clad legs, whining softly, their blood-red tongues hanging out of their half-open muzzles.

We resumed our journey and finally came to a brook. Jack judged that the moment for action had n't come. The best time to hunt roos is in the afternoon or, better yet, in the very early morning. So we took a rest. The heavy, overheated Hudson was put in the shade of a solitary eucalyptus, and we walked up and down until the heat forced us to seek a shady place under a scraggly ti-tree. Unfortunately this was covered with a swarm of black wood-ants whose bites are extremely painful. Indeed heat, ants, and snakes make life in the Australian bush anything but an Elysian delight for the tenderfoot.

The dogs lay as still as if dead in the prickly kangaroo-grass, which grows in tough clumps that make walking well-nigh impossible. Billions of flies buzzed in the leafless undergrowth. The reddish-yellow sand, which stretched in curious designs between the gray-green roo-grass, reflected the burning heat and light of the midday sun in scintillant rays. We felt drowsy, but had no desire for food or drink. Jack's well-filled basket we left untouched as we lazily watched the fragrant smoke from our pipes — the best protection against the plague of insects that besieged us.

About three in the afternoon we again climbed into our car. The dogs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resumed their privileged position on the back seat. We drove on a few hours, the scrub becoming scantier as we proceeded. Only a scattered bush or two was visible on the prairie where our real hunt started. The Hudson left the road and we ran full speed over the open plain, defying such obstacles as bunch-grass, scrub, and sand piles. We kept close to the border of the prairie, the favorite ground of the animals we were hunting. The dogs were all attention. They stood erect on the seat, their muzzles taut, their usually dreamy eyes glowing with eagerness for the chase. The sides of their nostrils quivered, their tails stood out straight and stiff behind them. It was the task of the dogs, not of Jack, to spy the kangaroos. He had his hands full with the wheel, which turned and trembled like an agitated living thing. Our pace was now slower on account of the zigzag movement of the car.

Suddenly one of the dogs gave out a short piercing yelp and plunged like a flash to the ground. At the same instant the other followed, and the two raced over the prairie like mad furies. Their long lean bodies, almost identical in color with the surrounding landscape, sped across the plain in a straight line, noiseless but with lightning swiftness. The Hudson followed at full speed, Jack bent over the wheel, his wiry fingers forcing the car to keep in line with the dogs. It was a murderous charge, the soul of the driver transferred into the soulless car.

In a few minutes we passed the dogs and Jack saw our quarry — a red-haired kangaroo, who with giant jumps was trying to escape the hounds. But she was already doomed. When she saw the car she made a violent leap to the right, but Jack followed her with a quick turn. The automobile shook and trembled. We overran the roo, who, in panicky fright, tried to save herself by zigzag jumps through the tough, wiry bunch-grass. But the dogs were alert to these tactics. At the first zigzag they parted to the left and right, our machine keeping ahead of them. The roo seemed to realize then that the end was near. Calmly she posted herself on her hind-legs and her strong tail and waited for the dogs to spring.

The car halted in front of her, at a distance of about twenty yards. The dogs, too, paused for one second. Then they charged their prey. One sprang on the tail and fastened its teeth in the strongly knit muscles. The other flew at the roo's head. She replied with a blow from one of her two-toed hind-legs, ripping a long gash in the dog's left flank. But the hound sprang again and dragged the panting animal down, and furious with pain planted his long teeth in her throat. A cracking sound, a muffled cry, and Australia had one less kangaroo. The bleeding, quivering body lay on the hard sand one more victim to 'civilization.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

SONNET

BY LOUIS HOW

[*Ruin and Gold*]

A LITTLE garden shut with lofty walls.
  An unpretentious triple colonnade —
  Its sunlight to itself: all white and staid
  The gravel path: a rosebush, two old Gauls
Who smile though noseless. And the city's calls
  Are faintly echoed, fail, and faintly fade.
  The basin is of rustic stones, rough laid,
  To catch a slender jet that rises, falls.
Within, the rooms and corridors are brown —
  Recalling little Diocletian's days,
  Except in marble remnants of his town:
And empty, but for one alone who strays,
  And finds, in aimless wandering up and down,
  An unknown beauty's bust, and stares, and stays.

THE POOL

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*Spectator*]

I KNOW a deep and lonely pool — that's where
  The great Kingfisher makes his sudden splash:
He has so many jewels in his plumes
  That all we see is one blue lightning flash!

But whether that fine bird comes there or no,
  There I'll be found before the coming night —
Beside that dark, deep pool, on whose calm breast
  Sleep a young family of pools of light.

And near my pool an ancient abbey stands,
  Where I, when lying in the longest grass,
Can see the moonlight, tender, soft, and fair,
  Clasped to the rugged breast of that black nurse.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

AN IRISH TRIBUTE TO 'LOTTA'

T. P. O'Connor devotes an interesting article in the *Daily Telegraph* to the memory of the American actress Lotta Crabtree, whose recent death has stirred old memories among a whole generation of American theatregoers.

'We never — amid all the triumphant beauties or artists of our stage history — we never had anything like "Lotta." "Lotta" was not merely a highly successful actress; she was a household word, she was an idol, she was a nation-wide craze. When she appeared it was always to full houses; she was encored night after night for year after year, almost from one generation to another; and when at last even her magnificent willingness became exhausted, and she had no voice left to sing or leg to add another dance, she had only to put out her beautiful little foot from behind the curtain to send the audience into new thrills of wild applause. It was the daring liberty of a little sprite who was enthroned in all their hearts. "Lotta, Lotta, Lotta" — that was all you had to say to any American, and immediately there came over his face that tender smile with which you think of a well-beloved being.

'There was no reason why an actress with such splendid certainty of uninterrupted triumph and dazzling income should ever have left America; but London has its irresistible lure to every artist, whatever his country or his calling; and Lotta resolved to try London. I suppose I must be one of the very few survivors of the disastrous, the horrible night on which Lotta presented herself for the first time to a London audience. I was a little late in coming in; but already the whole gigantic horrible disaster had come. For almost from the first moment after the curtain had risen, a tremendous — almost like an organized — riot had started. Every word of the play was interrupted, every actor was hissed, and the noise grew in violence as the time went on, until at last it was a hurricane of catcalls, of loud guffaws, of insulting sneers.

'What was the cause? Some people saw behind this terrible and almost unprecedented outburst the intriguing hand of a rival actress. I don't think the explanation adequate. Anyhow, there were plenty of other reasons — not for the brutal and degrading exhibition of our bad manners, but for the disapproval of the play. For it was one of those perfectly impossible plays that could only have come from the brain of some silly ass who thought in the ideas of a primordial period when the wicked baronet pursued the innocent young maiden — a servant girl, or something like it, by occupation. In other words, there was presented to an English audience the kind of penny dreadful that had ceased to be read. Not even in the most primitive theatre of the East End would these grotesque and always imaginary figures of the wicked rich and the innocent poor be accepted except with mockery.

'There was, however, one other unpopular feature of the production, which accounted for something of the uproar. One of the principal parts in the play was taken by Arthur Dacre. I did not know him except on the stage. He was a handsome, romantic-looking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actor, and quite well trained in his business; he was among the favorite *jeunes premiers* of his generation. But Arthur Dacre had just figured in a divorce case; and the divorce court had not reached the somewhat indulgent or half-laughing acceptance that it has reached to-day. So the shocked moralists of the pit and the gallery asserted themselves by receiving poor Dacre every time he appeared with loud hisses — an embarrassing accompaniment to speeches of high-flown sentiment which were put into his mouth by the primordial playwright.

'Of course, poor Lotta was terribly upset by this disaster — the more so as it was in such contrast with her career of splendid and uninterrupted success for so many years. I saw her some time after, however, and she appeared to me to have borne such a terrible setback with considerable equanimity. She looked off the stage just what I had expected, a tiny, gay little thing, with perhaps a slight suggestion of seriousness and sadness. I heard a whisper that she was passing at the moment through a somewhat unhappy emotional experience; but she did n't whine: she seemed her own equable self.

'Then she had the good sense to substitute for her impossible and perfectly ridiculous play — I don't know why her imbecile advisers did not insist on this at the start — a piece in which she had already achieved many triumphs in America — namely, a play founded on Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*, and produced in her version under the name of *Little Nell*. In this play she doubled the part of Little Nell and the Marchioness — very opposite characters, the one all pathos, the other all comedy. She was really perfect in both. Some of her antics as the Marchioness remain in my memory to this day, and every night produced the same round of delighted enjoyment.'

A SEQUEL TO LIVY

Corriere della Sera prints a few postludes to the De Martino incident on October 1. 'Professor Nicolini, as soon as he became convinced that De Martino was a genuine illusionist, remembered the story of Michele Cimorelli, famous in his day in Naples for his great capacity of "putting over big ones." Michele's favorite trick, however, was that of assuring people that he, and not Napoleon, was the victor of Austerlitz. For when they were classmates at Brienne, Michele Cimorelli was unquestionably superior to Napoleon Bonaparte in sciences, including strategy as well as fist-fighting. It seemed that on the day of the great battle Napoleon called Michele to him in a hurry and asked him to "take care of the field for a while." What did Michele do? Well, while Napoleon dozed peacefully, Michele changed the whole stratagem and thus won the battle that threatened to become, without his assistance, a pitiful defeat.'

The paper further quotes from an alleged interview of some third person with De Martino in which the latter said that, even though the head of the Government called him dreamer now, he would ultimately show whether or not he was one. Finally, the story of the ten codices of Titus Livy said to be buried in an old edifice in Fez since the Saracen invasion of the Christian monasteries there, is being revived.

✻

BLURBS À L'ANGLAISE

THE London *Outlook* delivers its soul on a subject that has been in want of some such treatment for a long time: —

Is it not time that authors, particularly novelists, started an Anti-Blurb Society, or at least insisted on being allowed to write their own blurbs? For blurbs are going

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from bad to worse. When they are not positively misleading they are generally silly. A truthful blurb is as rare as a really truthful man. Someone, unfamiliar with that so elegant and expressive word, for which we have to thank America, may ask, 'What *is* a Blurb?' A blurb is the statement, summary, explanation, or excuse generally to be found somewhere on the jacket, or paper wrapper, of a new book. It purports to tell the reader what sort of story he may expect. Unfortunately, it seems to be considered an essential of most blurbs that they shall be written by someone who has not read the book. Possibly it is felt that to allow the blurb artist to read the book which he is describing might dull the keen edge of his enthusiasm. Perhaps that is why we often get, instead of the carefully written précis which the blurb ought to be, a flowery puff that leaves the reader still guessing about the nature of the story. The truth is, of course, that it is extremely difficult to give a fair summary of a book, or even to indicate what it is about, in a hundred words or so. Try it. Try to write a blurb about the latest novel you have read — remembering that its primary purpose is to induce someone else to read the book — and you will admit that it is a job for an expert. Of course, it takes a lot of practice to write a blurb so alluring as one I have just seen, which tempts the reader with the promise that 'Murders and kidnapping promote the action of the plot.' That is the perfect flower of Blurbery.

✽

A RUSSIAN OPINION OF ISADORA DUNCAN

Dni, of Berlin, prints a rather regretful tribute to the art of Isadora Duncan, who has of late been appearing in the German capital. To grasp all the shades of semi-concealed meaning in the article it is necessary to remember the dancer's well-known sympathy with the Soviet Government, which the Russian refugees who edit *Dni* cannot overlook though they generously forgive it.

'To-day the dances of Isadora Duncan are autumn leaves,' says *Dni's* critic, 'beautiful in their decay, fading colors, wonderful as the twilight that precedes night, leaves that are forever parted from their own joyous, green youth. For those who have seen her in the days when she was boldly blazing her new trail, she is now nothing but a beautiful reminder of her own past.

'Outwardly she has not changed much. Her amazing arms and fingers that "speak" are the same. So are her tempestuous transitions from joy to despair, from a crushed slave to an exalted human being; the fascination of her gesture beckoning an unseen multitude of followers. Even her wonderfully plastic body seems the same. But she no longer fascinates her audience with her élan. Her strength is failing.

'"It's hard for me to dance," she told us when the evening was over; "my heart aches."

'To tell the truth, there was little dancing in her interpretation of Chaikovski's Pathetic Symphony yesterday. She rendered it with tragic poses, gestures, with an amazing mimicry in her aging face, and only once in a while with a few ethereal, beautiful Duncan movements.

'As is known, Duncan found a peaceful harbor in Moscow after having outlived her success and after the mob that used to exalt her to the skies in every country had forsaken her. There, in Sovietland, she adulterated her pure art with primitive politics and Kremlin "ideals." Yesterday, exhausted by an evening's performance which has been far too much for to-day's Isadora to bear, she saw fit to share with the audience some of her impressions of Russia. She informed us that she, a born revolutionist in her own art, finally found the reign of freedom under the ægis of Anatole Lunacharskii. The Bolshevist part of the audience paid her lavishly in applause. But we are confident that to her, a California girl in whom heroic Hellas found a bodily

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and spiritual revival, unnecessary political talk and Communist phraseology can be forgiven, because those things are not what she was called upon to give to the world.'

✤

THE TROUBLES OF MESSRS. SIDNEY WEBB

THERE is another Bernard Shaw. He is a London undertaker, who probably finds it very unpleasant to be confused with his great namesake. What the great namesake finds it, it is not for us to say.

And now it appears that there is also another Sidney Webb. He is a novelist whose best-known books — though they are not very well known — are *The Painted Honeymoon* and *Deedles*. Evidently not a man who cares to be confused with the author of such entertaining works as *The Restoration of Trade-Union Conditions* and *Socialism in England*, or with the co-author of those sprightly volumes entitled *English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act*, *The Consumers' Coöperative Movement*, and *The History of Trade Unionism*.

It will be instantly apparent to the most careless observer that the two Messrs. Sidney Webb — not to mention Mrs. Beatrice Webb — find it all very confusing and embarrassing. Another person who finds it very confusing and embarrassing is the laundress of the younger Mr. Sidney Webb, who insists that under the laws of Britain the famous Socialist can be compelled to change his name to James Webb, because his full name is James Sidney Webb. So far, however, the disconsolate young novelist has not taken legal steps against the Cabinet Minister to satisfy his irate washlady.

Not long ago the younger Mr. Webb received an invitation from a Labor Club to be present at a dinner 'at which your old friend Mr. Bernard Shaw is to speak.' Since Mr. Webb has never met Mr. Shaw, he declined with thanks. The younger Mrs. Webb receives all kinds of abstruse statistical papers intended for Mrs. Beatrice Webb; and one unfortunate Jewish organization received books quite different from those they expected when they applied to Webb the novelist for a complete set of his works to be placed in the Central Library in Palestine. It is, as the younger Mr. Webb avers dismally, 'very, very confusing.'

✤

MARTIAL SIR EDWARD

WE owe the London *Morning Post* this vivid pen picture of a distinguished English musician: —

An elderly, rather smartly dressed man, who looks like a retired cavalry officer, enters just before eight o'clock and takes a modest seat in the back row of the Grand Circle at the Queen's Hall. He opens the programme and reads the notes on the Elgar arrangement of the Handel Overture, which is the first item on the programme, just as might any cavalry officer who was a lover of music. The orchestra begins, and our ex-Hussar puts his hands behind his ears and listens to the brilliant scoring with the utmost concentration. Sometimes a frown passes across his face. He is completely absorbed. The Overture ends and he claps languidly. To his neighbor, who is programmeless, he lends his. The other thanks him: 'Wonderful music, was n't it?' And Sir Edward Elgar laughs a dry, deprecative laugh of acquiescence just like any cavalry officer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

An Amazing Ancestor, by E. and G. F. Scotson-Clark. London: Fisher Unwin, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

A HUMOROUS story with a plot so ingenious that we may do no more than glance at it. The idea probably comes from Pygmalion and Galatea, but in this case it is an old portrait which comes to life. It had been bought by Chauncy Van Leer just to fill a vacant space on his wall, but turns out to be a Van Dyck and of one of his own ancestors, Cornelius, a name which he himself ought to have borne. Next morning Chauncy wakes to find Cornelius shaving in his bedroom and wearing his clothes. After this the fun grows uproarious, for the revived Cornelius keeps misunderstanding the customs of modern Paris and is everywhere mistaken for his many times removed grandchild. An additional complication is the distinct feeling which Mrs. Brainerd, a wealthy widow, feels for Chauncy, and the rather more distinct feeling which Chauncy has for that lady's niece, Vera Odell. It is all very amusing.

Things I Should n't Tell. Anonymous. London: Nash and Grayson, 1924. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

IT was inevitable that the anonymous author of *Uncensored Recollections* should pour forth another stream of stories of Anglo-French society of a past age. The only difference between his first and second volume is that the latter, *Things I Should n't Tell*, is of less bulk than the former, although the price is the same.

With the same zest he talks scandal of leading personages, Kings, Princes, Diplomatists, Authors, and Frail Women, — especially the latter, — as if he were a kind of (Un)Safe Depository of everybody's unpleasant secrets. He seems to take a positive delight in wallowing in the seamy side of 'high life,' and talks with gusto of Swinburne's drinking-habits, of Oscar Wilde's unwarranted pretensions to a knowledge of French, and of his doubts that Sarah Bernhardt ever actually did the sculptures which she claimed to have done.

More Obiter Dicta, by Augustine Birrell. London: Heinemann, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Public Opinion*]

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL has published a new volume, *More Obiter Dicta*, and already a second impression has been demanded.

It consists of twenty-three delightful essays and appreciations of books and their writers. Some of it is old in bottle, but none the worse for that. Mr. Birrell is a great browser among books, and is a most entertaining talker as he turns over the leaves — it is then that he begins to Birrell.

He does not mind laughing at himself, and he even tells himself that 'his writings' — 'mere writings,' to use the famous phrase of the editor of the first folio of Shakespeare — 'would have been much better had he taken more pains.' Anyway, we have here a good bookful of 'reading without tears' and with much enjoyment.

Las revoluciones hispanoamericanas, by D. Baldomero Sanín Cano. Madrid: Unfon Iberoamericana, 1924.

[*La Voz*]

THIS little book was very necessary. Its only defect, in view of the importance of its subject and the exceptional competence and literary skill of its author, is its brevity. . . . The author, after serving as Minister of Finance in his own country — Colombia — retired to Europe, where he already had a wide acquaintance among people of high position, and after spending some time in England, has been residing quietly for two years in Spain. . . .

Las revoluciones hispanoamericanas is an attempt to disabuse the public mind of the idea that revolution is something peculiar to and inseparable from the republics of America . . . . Like a skillful entomologist studying a race of human insects only moderately endowed with intelligence, — like Kidd in England and Gustav Le Bon in France, — Sanín Cano shows that no American republic had as many revolutions during the nineteenth century as did France, and that the armed peace of Europe during the last half-century was more disastrous morally, politically, and economically than all the American revolutions, even if we do not take into account the culmination of that era in the recent European War. . . .

Among other things the author points out that a real spirit of fraternity does exist throughout all Spanish America, and that it owes its existence partly to revolutions, which have served as a substitute for the ferocious tribal nationalism that divides the nations of Europe. He points out new principles of international justice first accepted in Latin America, such as the ideas that victory does not create rights, that force ought not to be employed to collect debts, that America should not be solely for Americans but for humanity; and the sentiment that expressed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itself in the erection of a monument near Bucaramanga containing the remains of the soldiers killed in the Battle of 1900, as a warning and admonition to future generations, while Europe glorifies her Unknown Soldier in order to inculcate in her youths the beliefs that make men docile cannon-fodder.

Mediæval People, by Eileen Power. London: Methuen; Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1924. $2.00.

[*Sunday Times*]

Miss Eileen Power has proved in several preceding volumes how intimately she knows, and how admirably she can reproduce, the minutiæ of the social life of long-past ages. She is the kind of historian for whom Thomas Carlyle sighed in vain, and of whom, in such books as his *Past and Present*, he made himself the forerunner; the historian who, instead of occupying himself with protocols, battles, and Court intrigues, answers 'the great question: How men lived and had their being, what wages they got, and what they bought with them.' Patient investigation of old estate books and similar documents has revealed these secrets to Miss Power, and the human interest and quick imagination which make her work so pleasant to read have enabled her to fuse her knowledge into a form as interesting as that of any historical novel. She gives us the daily details of the life of a peasant on a French ecclesiastical estate in the ninth century, she vivifies for us Chaucer's *Madame Eglantyne*, she brings to life again a Parisian housewife of the fourteenth century, and Thomas Betson, 'Merchant of the Staple,' and Thomas Paycocke of Coggleshall, clothier in the days of Henry VII, and makes them as living and as interesting to us as if they were our contemporaries.

A History of Political Ideas, by C. R. and Mary Morris. London: Christopher's, 1924. *5s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

It is no small effort to compress the evolution of political thought in Europe into a little book of under 200 pages, and *A History of Political Ideas* by C. R. and Mary Morris is a marvel of compactness. For this reason, it is by no means easy reading, but for those who are prepared to digest its tightly filled paragraphs it is an admirable introduction to political philosophy. The tale begins with Greek thought, its strength illustrated by Plato and its weakness by Aristotle. Next it is shown how Rome organized the world and sent it to sleep, how the Middle Ages saw its gradual struggle to wakefulness, and how speculation started again with Hobbes and reached a climax with Rousseau. In a final chapter the authors discuss modern problems with reference to Green and Bosanquet, and with a strong appreciation of Hegel. Hobbes, on the other hand, is rather severely dealt with, and while the authors rightly expose the philosophic narrowness of his position, they do not perhaps quite do justice to his practical wisdom.

The Modern Golfer, by C. J. H. Tolley. London: Collins, 1924. 15*s.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Mr. Tolley's style of writing is not quite so graceful or so easy as his style of playing, but it is straightforward and honest; he has decided views as to how strokes should be played, and is not afraid of expressing them in a decided manner. There is nothing iconoclastic about him: nobody insists more firmly than he does on the old principles of 'slow back' and 'keep your eye on the ball'; and these things, that have been said before, he says particularly well. He points out that it is quite possible to look at the ball and yet to move the head, usually upwards, and warns his reader accordingly. He says it is not enough to look at the ball, but a particular pimple on the back of the ball should be chosen and gazed at fixedly. This fact he discovered for himself by chance, through a ball with which he was practising having a speck of mud upon it. Another point on which he is insistent is that the player should have something to 'hit against' in the shape of his left hip, and to this end he says that the left toe should be turned in. This is an idiosyncrasy of his own, for most good players stand with the left foot turned rather outwards; but the principle of having the left side of the body braced against the blow is undoubtedly a sound one. One general doctrine runs through all his teaching, and that is that the player should do what feels comfortable and makes him enjoy the game. That is eminently good sense. Apart from technical instruction, Mr. Tolley has something to say of his own matches both here and in America, and he says it with a very engaging modesty and now and then a pleasant touch of humor.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Edward, A. Trystan. *Good and Bad Manners in Architecture.* London: Phillip Allen & Co., 1924. 6*s.*

How, Louis. *Ruin and Gold.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 5*s.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Kuno Fischer, the grand old man of German philosophy, used to know Goethe, Kant, and Plato by heart. In fact, his capacity for acquiring unexciting information was apparently infinite. But as we are celebrating his centenary this week, Mr. V. Zenzinov has sense enough not to dwell too long upon the inner furniture of the late Herr Professor's skull.

* * *

The trouble with the Japanese is that they do not act the same as white folks. They are governed by precedent and Elder Statesmen, not by expediency and Congressmen. Small wonder the American business man in Tokyo is baffled.

* * *

If you can imagine five thousand Frenchmen all being short-changed at once, you will have a pretty good mental picture of the Automobile Salon in Paris. The terrific spectacle of American cars underselling the native product in spite of a 45-per-cent import tax has kindled the spirit of France into brilliant and active flame.

* * *

'Half Paris and half Timbuktu' is what Arnold Höllriegel calls Pará. You swig your Pilsener and munch grilled turtle-meat at the Grand Hotel while a few blocks away children and vultures are making merry together in the garbage heap. There has been a revolution in Pará lately, but no one seems to know what it was all about.

* * *

The journalist's religion, as expounded by the late H. W. Massingham, diverges here and there from the spiritual faith of a Blake or a Newman. But one does what one can in an imperfect world, and Mr. Massingham has left behind him a sincere document, even if its author's dismal ignorance of the classics would draw a shudder from the learned Christopher Morley, whose *Religio Journalistici* is just off the press.

* * *

Four optimistic Czechs are right there with a cheerful message for those of us who would like to write treatises on 'Why I Hate My Work.' If a tired mule-spinner, a university professor, an educated lady, and a small farmer all enjoy living in or near a place called Brno, it seems rather petty for inhabitants of these glorious States to complain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As for "human documents" —

Much has been said about them. Many books, autobiographies, and articles have been called "human documents" which the irreverent individual would call by a shorter and uglier name.

Hence we leave that tag severely alone.

But we do emphatically point to two articles in particular in the Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine which contain the universal qualities of experience and of reflection upon it.

* * *

Most people seem to be gross failures at retiring.

Few there are of us who have not thought about the time when we could put cares aside, step out of the routine of the workaday world, and enjoy life.

Yet when they step into this new life, many "successful" men fail, and have to recall the responsibilities of business and other affairs to keep from being bored to death.

Judge Robert Winston has found the ideal way to retire. It is, indeed, more a rediscovery of life than retirement from it, that he relates in "A Freshman Again at Sixty" in the Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine which will be published on November 25th.

Maybe you will think the Judge wears rosy-hued spectacles, but his way has many possibilities, and his conclusions are expressive of the delight which many have dreamed of.

* * *

Actually it is the people who have thought and tell you frankly what they think, who prove the most entertaining.

And when Gaylord White, after being pastor of a church for a number of years, says: "It came to me with something of a shock when I discovered that I had been looking at life as a Protestant parson and not as a simple-hearted human being," we may be sure that such a statement is not made without thought and deep experience.

"Reflections of a Settlement Worker" by Gaylord White in the Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine is another story of a rediscovery of life.

Dr. White found that there were more things on earth than were dreamed of in his theology.

* * *

Both of these men were seeking truth. Both were led, perhaps unconsciously, for something which should give them a sense of completeness, of knowledge, for something to round out their lives. They went by different roads. They found different solutions.

According to our individual temperaments, we prefer one road or the other, or perhaps a combination of the two.

But these two articles in the Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine are articles which will perhaps answer some questions about life which you have been asking yourself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED